

DECEMBER 5, 1955

SPORTS

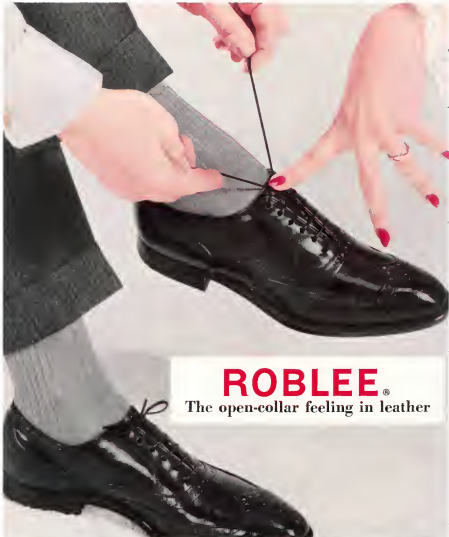
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS
FOR SPORTSMEN

LOUISE DYER
OLYMPIC FENCING





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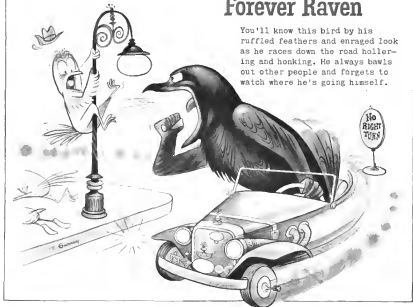
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64 Yesterday: Eighteen years ago, Ray Moore's hidden ball trick confounded fans and players at the Vanderbilt-LSU game



COVER: LOUISE DYER

Photograph by Mark Kauffman

Very few Americans could do more than guess wildly how many gold medals the United States has ever won in 66 years of Olympic fencing. The total happens to be none. While few may be aware of this, and possibly few care, it is a matter of concern for a 24-year-old blonde Philadelphian, Louise Dyer. Louise is now the second-ranked woman fencer in the U.S. Her husband, Dick Dyer, is the first-ranked saber man, and while some very talented European blades will be standing in their way, as pointed out on page 47, the Dyers are determined to bring the U.S. its first gold medal at Melbourne

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW FROM ALL OVER: COLLEGE BASKETBALL

As the new season starts, 51 correspondents report from coast to coast and border to border on the teams and players to watch

PART II: THE UNIVERSITY OF EIGHTH AVENUE

A. J. Liebling concludes his essay on the center of boxing in America with an off-campus ramble through that notable saloon, the Neutral Corner

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

- **Art Luppino**, bulldozing Arizona junior halfback, battered away for 68 yards, scored team's only touchdowns, jerked extra point to upset Arizona State at Tempe 7-6, pushed rushing total for year to 1,313 yards, became first player to lead nation's major college running backs for two consecutive seasons and top all-time two-season rusher with 2,882 yards (Nov. 26).
- **Charles Vinck**, multimuscled little man from Cleveland, majestically lifted 290 pounds in exhibition at Calcutta, surpassed world bantamweight record for clean and jerk (Nov. 22).
- **Lorraine Crapp**, formidable Australian aquanaut, streaked 226 yards in 2:02.5 at Sydney for new women's world long-course standard (Nov. 25).
- **Harst Fritzsche** of West Germany, swam 100-meter breaststroke in 1:49.2 in meet with Rumiana at Rostock to better recognized world record but was nearly full second slower than October clocking of 1:48.3 by Japan's Moshara Furukawa (Nov. 22).

FOOTBALL

Army gave up touchdown in first quarter, held on while favored Navy fumbled away scoring chances, then bounced back with savage second-half ground attack ably directed by Quarterback Don Hollander, sent Captain Pat Uebel crashing over from the five, fleet Pete Lash around end for 23 yards to upset Middlebipenn 14-6 before 102,000 at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium (see page 20). Navy's magnificent sharpshooter George Welsh completed 18 of 25 passes for 176 yards in losing cause, took over as nation's leading passer.

Southern California, presented with powder puffs before game by much-criticized Coach Jess Hill, reacted as planned, treated crowd of 94,892 at Los Angeles to 42-20 surprise victory over Notre Dame. Speedy Jon Arnett scored three times, shared honors with Jim Contratto, who passed Trojans to two touchdowns in 21-point last period.

Oklahoma, playing under wraps but flashing usual power to protect its No. 1 ranking (see below), crushed Oklahoma A&M 53-0 at Norman for 29th consecutive triumph, set back to await Orange Bowl date with unbeaten Maryland.

Texas Christian, given chance for Southwest Conference title when Texas shocked Texas A&M 21-6 in Thanksgiving Day game, made most of it, stormed from behind in last four minutes on feet of Jim Swink to pull out 20-13 triumph over Southern Methodist at Fort Worth.

Mississippi got brilliant quarterbacking from Eagle Day, determined running from Earl Blair, swept past Mississippi State 26-0 at Starkville to capture second straight Southeastern Conference crown and bid to face TCU in Cotton Bowl.

Georgia Tech's ragged line stopped Georgia attack cold while prancing George Vukobrat led speedy attack for 21-3 win, helped put Engineers in Sugar Bowl against Pittsburgh, invited earlier in week.

Auburn's talented Millard Howell Tubb passed for two touchdowns, scored three on plunge, carried Tigers to 26-0 trouncing of Alabama at Birmingham and into "Gator Bowl" Dec. 31 against Vanderbilt, beaten by Tennessee 20-13 in upset at Knoxville.

Denver and Wyoming battled through scoreless 39 minutes 53 seconds, provided enough thrills in last seven seconds to last lifetime. Wyoming's Joe Montegiovanni kicked 17-yard field goal with seven seconds to play, set stage for controversial 78-yard kickoff return by Dick Capitan that won for Denver 6-3, knocked Wyoming out of tie for Rocky Mountain Conference championship, brought on protest by aroused Cowboys.

Oklahoma (10-4-0), top-ranked for past four weeks, was voted nation's No. 1 college team with 3,581 points in final Associated Press poll, easily outdistanced runner-up Michigan State (8-1-0). Rest of first 10-3: Maryland (10-4-0); 4, UCLA (9-1-0); 5, Ohio State (7-3-0); 6, Texas Christian (9-1-0); 7, Georgia Tech (8-1-1); 8, Auburn (8-1-1); 9, Notre Dame (8-2-0); 10, Mississippi (9-1-0).

Harvey Harman, whose Rutgers teams had 34-44-2 record in 14 years (8-17 last three years), was fired from football coaching post but retained as faculty member. Also fired: Alton Kircher, let out by Washington State after four years and 1-7-2 season this fall.

New York Giants and Cleveland Browns put on best game of year, battled to 35-35 tie before 45,699 in New York. Charlie Conerly's 23-yard pass to Frank Gifford, Ray Kroc's smothering of field goal attempt by Lou Groza in final seconds gave fired-up Giants deadlock after Otto Graham had passed Eastern Conference leaders to three scores.

Washington Redskins turned long scoring runs by Leo Elter and Scooter Scudder into 23-14 win over Pittsburgh Steelers, moved within half game of Browns.

Chicago Cardinals exploded for seven touchdowns, two each by Ollie Matson, Dave Mann and Don Stonewall, trounced Chicago Bears 33-14 in snowstorm to end six-game Bear winning streak, push Bears into second place in Western Conference.

Los Angeles Rams played it safe with two field goals by burlly Les Richter in last quarter, suddenly needed a third to hold off rallying Philadelphia Eagles. Richter edged with 35-yard placement with seven seconds to go, gave Rams close 23-21 victory, Western Conference lead.

Baltimore Colts, battling to stay in race, eased past San Francisco 49ers 26-14 when George Shaw broke up middle for 21-yard

touchdown run in last quarter; Detroit Lions beat bumbling Green Bay Packers 24-16 on Thanksgiving Day.

Edmonton Eskimos, trailing 19-18, struck in second half, overpowered Montreal Alouettes 34-19 before record crowd of 39,417 at Vancouver to win Grey Cup and Canada's pro title for second straight year. Jackie Parker, Normie Kwong and Johnny Bright starred for Eskimos.

BASEBALL

Little Leaguers, some 250,000 strong, were thrown into confusion when Founder and Commissioner Carl Stutz padlocked national headquarters in Williamsport, Pa., planned to file \$300,000 suit against Little League Baseball, Inc. for "breach of contract," claiming that "the commissioner and volunteer field personnel no longer have a representative voice in . . . policy decisions." President Peter J. McGovern posted \$130,000 bond to gain access to offices, countered by firing Stutz as commissioner, observed, "It is regrettable that Mr. Stutz has been unwilling to accept decisions of the Board of Directors." Only thing certain is that there will be a Little League next year—and maybe two—since Stutz plans to set up own program under name of Original Little League.

George Weiss, cagey trade-master of New York Yankees with long record of success (six pennants, five World Series titles in eight years), was given five-year extension of contract as general manager.

HORSE RACING

Salter, turned loose earlier than planned by Jockey Hedy J. Woodhouse when his saddle slipped, stayed out in front of challenging field, responded to whip in stretch, went on to win \$50,000 Pimlico Special, paid off grateful bettors at 11 to 1.

Queen Mother Elizabeth, hoping to realize ambition of winning Grand National Steeplechase, watched her promising 9-year-old gelding M'as-Ta-Yu take 3-mile race at Lingfield Park, appreciatively patted horse on neck, chortled: "That was marvelous."

Nashua, relaxing on Kentucky farm while executors of estate of late William Woodward Jr. ponder his fate, was named Horse of the Year and 8-year-old champion in annual Morning Telegraph and Daily Racing Form poll (see page 32).

BOXING

Vince Martinez, Paterson, N.J. welterweight contender, parried bull-like rushes of eager but helpless Chris Christman with skill of fencing master, carefully pecked away with

CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS

- Ivy League—Princeton (6-1-0)
- Yankee—Rhode Island (6-0-3)
- Southeastern—Mississippi (5-1-0)
- Southern—West Virginia (6-0-0)
- Southeast—Texas Christian (5-3-0)
- Border—Texas Tech (3-0-1)
- Six Team—Ohio State (6-0-0)
- Mid-American—Miami (Ohio) (6-0-0)
- Midwestern—Coe (7-0-0)
- Big Seven—Oklahoma (6-0-0)
- Big Valley—Detroit and Wichita (3-1-0)
- Rocky Mountain—Idaho State (6-0-0)
- Skyline—Cleveland A&M (6-1-0)
- Pacific Coast—UCLA (6-0-0)

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Which make the better officers, those who finish near the top of their college classes or the athletes?

REAR ADMIRAL W. D. LEGGETT



USN (ret.)

"History shows that some of each were tops. It takes balance to make the best Army or Navy officer. There is a premium today on physical vigor, but with long-range guidance, this can go far afield. Fortunately, the Army and Navy education system provides the balance needed."

LT. GEN. THOMAS W. HERREN, USA



Commander, First Army

"The first requirement is moral courage. If this factor is equal, the athlete is apt to stand out at once because of prior leadership, experience and physical ability. This advantage is equalized for the scholar as he gains experience and higher rank where the intellect assumes more importance."

REAR ADMIRAL ROSCOE H. HILLENKOTTER



USN
Commander, Third Naval District

"Athletic ability is of no more consequence than the color of hair or eyes. For every officer who was an athlete, I can name an equally good officer who was a scholar. It's like comparing apples and potatoes. If there is a connection, no one has as yet defined it."

REAR ADMIRAL REGINALD R. BELKNAP



USN (ret.)

"Neither the outstanding athletes nor the top students. Service experience, with study and discussions at the service war colleges, develops the high commanders who have perspective, grasp of any situation and feel of command. Nimitz finished near the top of his class, Halsey in the lower half of his."

CAPT. MAURICE W. WITHERSPOND



USN (ret.)

"The man with all-round ability who has starred in sports and developed his personality makes a better officer than the one who puts his nose to the grindstone and hasn't learned how to get along with fellow classmates. The all-round men in the lower half of their classes are the better officers."

REAR ADMIRAL GORDON McINTOCK



Supt., U.S. Merchant Marine Academy

"Few officers can be great leaders without a combination of both. A midshipman or cadet who crams his way without competing in athletics seldom gets top command. Many athletes also have brilliant minds. But for time spent in athletics, they would have better scholastic records."

VICE-ADMIRAL CALVIN T. BURGIN



USN (ret.)
President, N.Y. State Maritime College

"I don't think that the 'pure grind' officer ever gets top command, but it's true that the very top commands usually go to the officers who finished near the top of their classes. But I'm sure that you will also find that these officers were more or less proficient in athletics."

ADMIRAL JOSEPH A. CLARK



USN (ret.)

"The top officers are usually a combination of both. Officers and enlisted men have a basic respect for the great athlete. Admiral Nimitz was a scholar and athlete at the Naval Academy. He charted the Navy's brilliant campaign which knocked the props from under the Japs in the Pacific."

VICE-ADMIRAL LYNDE B. McCORMICK



USN
President
Naval War College

"Every military man is a better leader if he has starred in athletics, but no comparison can be drawn for potential leaders between the pure scholar and the great athlete. However, a star athlete who has learned teamwork on a great team and isn't spoiled has a head start over other young officers."

CAPT. WILLIAM D. PULESTON



USN (ret.)

"A higher percentage of athletes become better officers. A man of all-round ability is a better example to those under him and a better leader. Of course, the more brilliant officers get the top commands, but you will find that most have profited from the lessons taught on the athletic field."

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN J. BERGEN



USNR

"The athletes. A formal education teaches the technical requirements of a job and the humanities, but outside activities, particularly athletics, tend to develop the personal leadership of the successful officer. A review of the roster of eminent Army and Navy leaders confirms this belief."

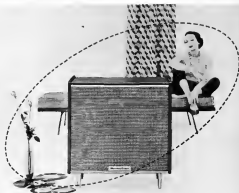
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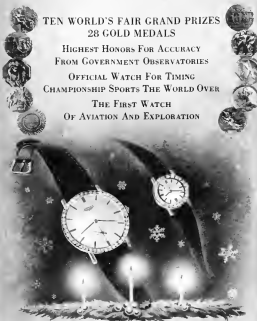
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN LITTLE MORE than a year of existence, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has already created a number of journalistic inventions—PREVIEW, CONVERSATION PIECE, YOU SHOULD KNOW, FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR among them.

One reliable indication of the merits of any feature in a magazine is a demand for its publication in book form. SI was pleased, therefore, when one of its inventions, MATCHWIT, inspired our first book—a collection of 30 of the duet crossword puzzles—which Simon and Schuster published on September 30.

Almost from its original appearance a year ago, another of SI's inventions, TIP FROM THE TOP, drew numerous inquiries as to whether these weekly columns would eventually become a book. I am glad to say that they have and that the book, containing the first 52 TIPS FROM THE TOP, was published by Prentice-Hall on November 30 (\$2.95 at any bookstore).

As a book, *Tips from the Top* retains all of the qualities which have

made the tips a welcome weekly friend to that most dedicated of self-improvers, the golfer. One of these qualities is an uncomplicated approach to a single problem at a time. When I was talking the other day with TIP FROM THE TOP's editor, Herb Wind, he expressed his opinion that some of our most skilled golfers may be able to concentrate on as many as two or three elements in their stroke while addressing the ball. But most of us, I imagine, have trouble enough with one. I know only too well about this in my own case. It is with this fact of golf life that the entire series (which will of course continue regularly in SI) has been designed.

An especially attractive aspect of the tips, as collected, is their balance, both in the range of instruction they cover and as a blend of the experiences of old hands like Tommy Armour and Gene Sarazen, of newcomers like Gene Littler and Peter Thomson, of teaching pros and playing pros.

For the illustrator of TIP FROM THE TOP, Anthony Ravielli, this assignment has been one of the most pleasant he has ever had. "How often," he says, "does an artist get the chance to get paid for drawing the thing he likes most to do?" What Ravielli, in common with thousands of SI's readers, likes most to do is play golf, and lots of it. To all of them, SI's second book will offer a permanent and page-by-page manual of some very good ways to play it better.



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For all over-50 golfers

from **CHARLES (CHUCK) CONGDON**, Tacoma Country and Golf Club, Tacoma, Wash.

If I were to select one idea or thought for golfers of all playing abilities except perhaps the good golfer, it would be this: Develop an easy, relaxed manner of taking your grip, walking up to the ball, soiling the club, moving into the waggle and the forward press, and then and only then, swinging the club. Every good player has a distinct rhythmic movement in the address and waggle before he starts his swing. It is so well coordinated and blends into his backswing so easily that it is not noticeable, or seems not to be, to the average player watching. It has become part of his swing from imitating good players as a youngster or simply from trying to feel a coordinated movement before starting the swing. Many good players have worked hours at a time changing their preliminary movements to achieve a more coordinated swing. If these preliminary movements are so necessary in a good player's swing, then they certainly should be helpful in improving the swing of an average player.

Remember: The beginning movements of your swing start the moment you first sole your club to the ball. From that moment on, there should be no point at which you come to a complete stop before you start a swing from the ball. You cannot develop a powerful, smooth, rhythmical swing from a still position. You have to be in motion, and you have to keep yourself in motion until you move into your backswing.



Chuck Congdon moves into his swing

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST: JOE BELFORD ON THE SHORT PITCH



For Christmas...stock his locker with McGregor wash 'n' wearables!

Best favor you can do a chap! These heroic sportfashions can go 36 hectic holes, or 4 dank hours in a swampy duck blind...and when they're ready for the wash...just do 'em yourself! You, ma'am...just drop 'em in the washing machine. You, sir, could shower in them. They're that practical!

1. The ultimate in hearthside-warmth... this ultra-smart Orlon Coat Sweater! Interlock-knit. 10 sunlit colors. \$10.00

2. 2 jackets in 1! Nylon Seagull Jacket! Today, look smart in authentic tartan. Tomorrow, reverse to richly-hued nylon fleece. Cozy warm yet feather-light. \$25.00

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4. Soft as starlight—the Orlon Sweater in the Penn Penn Tartan Set. No sag, no stretch, no shrink. Orlon wool shirt tartan is true to the class. Set. \$19.95

5. Futura II Shirt in Arnel® With Tempo from Italy: world's first 1-piece, soft-roll truly convertible collar. Open, it's a sport-shirt. Buttoned—a dashing dress shirt. \$7.95

6. Nylonid Surcoat—pick o' the plaid! 100% nylon fleece, quilt-lined. Warmth without weight. Machine-washable. \$37.95

McGREGOR
SPORTSWEAR

IN CHRISTMAS LIGHT  COLORS

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See your Mercury dealer now. He'll arrange easy terms with delivery by Christmas, a lay-away plan, or a handsome Mercury Gift Certificate in any amount from the down payment on up!

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ARMY'S QUARTERBACK AND HOW HE FEELS • THE COACH AS DAMOCLES •
A TORCH FLAMES IN TEXAS • STERN WORDS ON RABBITS IN THE HOUSE
OF LORDS • CRAZY, MIXED-UP WOOLLY BEARS • FISHERMEN'S PARADISE

CADET HOLLEDER

DONALD WALTER HOLLEDER is a tall, flat-muscled young man with a crew haircut, steady green eyes and a deep dimple in his chin. He has the big hands and feet of an Olympic swimmer but looks and moves more like a high-scoring basketball forward—or maybe an All-America end. Habitually he addresses strangers as “sir,” and then his voice is soft and pleasant, built around a modest, almost bashful grin. On occasion, however, it can become clipped and demanding and forceful, which is only part Don Holleder and part the training for the life he has chosen.

Holleder grew up in Rochester, N.Y. But now he lives, along with a lot of other young men wearing crew haircuts, in a big gray building covered with ivy at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point. There he is a first classman, a good student, cadet commander of Company M-2 (“the best company in the corps”) and a potential deserter (“I’d like very much to fly for the Air Force when I graduate”).

He is also, of course, quarterback of the Army football team.

It is not necessary to know all these things to know about Don Holleder, the football player, but they help. For, like a thousand other seemingly unrelated items which make up a man, they are more or less important in the story of this boy who wanted to be an All-America halfback, became instead one of the nation's finest ends—and then gave it all up for a duty.

And perhaps they are important because to Holleder himself just accepting a challenge and doing his best without complaint in a new and tougher job under tremendous pressure wasn't quite enough. There also had to

be a happy ending. Last Saturday, like a story in a very satisfying book, the happy ending came along when Army beat Navy 14-6.

Later, as 100,000 chilled spectators still jammed the exits leading out of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, the young man they talked about most was peeled down to the tape on his ankles in a gloomy dressing room under the west stands, telling through battered but grinning lips how it felt to be Army's quarterback on a day when the Cadets beat Navy.

“I'm happier,” Don Holleder said, “than I've ever been over any football game I ever played. Uebel and Murland and Lash and the line”—and he waved at the room full of his teammates—“they were great. I'd ask them to get two yards and they'd get four. We'd need four and they'd get six.”

He talked about play selection.

“Gosh, I made a lot of mistakes. Particularly there when we nearly scored at the half [see page 22]. The Colonel sent in instructions to pass but there was so much noise and I was so confused I guess I didn't hear real good.”

To which Coach Blaik just grinned. “Don't let him kid you,” he said. “He heard me all right. He was just showing me who was really running this team.”

“It's funny,” said Holleder, “but we really weren't disappointed at all because we didn't score. Everyone felt real good; just real good. Because we'd run through them for about 80 yards and we knew then that we could beat them.”

There was a little boy standing in the dressing room with his father, a sergeant attached to the training detachment at The Point, and Holleder

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Army beat Navy 14-6 (see page 22) and incidentally ended the Middles' dream of a holiday cruise to Dallas to test TCU and its high-powered running star, Jim Swink, in the Cotton Bowl.

So Cotton Bowl officials scanned other vital scores—Mississippi 26-0 over Mississippi State, Tennessee 20-14 over Vanderbilt—and promptly sent off an invitation to Mississippi. Ole Miss, proudly clutching its second straight Southeastern Conference title, accepted just as promptly.

Georgia Tech meanwhile earned a chance to meet Pittsburgh and appear in the Sugar Bowl for the third time in four years when Bobby Dodd's Yellow Jackets defeated Georgia 21-3.

Oklahoma, already set for the Orange Bowl, won its 25th straight victory and turned in the score of the week, 33-0 over Oklahoma A&M. In a little-noticed

demonstration of what Coach Bud Wilkinson has coming along for the future, the Oklahoma Frosh ran over the Air Force Academy 48-12.

The upset of the week was the 42-20 beating administered to mighty Notre Dame by in-and-out Southern California in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Summarized SI Correspondent James Murray: “The crowd couldn't have been more shocked if the Christians had started to eat the lions.” (See page 60.)

The riot of the year was reported from Soviet Armenia where Armenian fans railed such a ruckus after their Yerevan Spartaks lost to the Sverdlovsk (Russian) Officers Club that four of them were sentenced to 25 years for hooliganism and related crimes, and eight others got terms ranging from one year to 20. One specific charge by Yerevan's shocked Komsomol: Armenians had tried to lynch the referee.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 18

broke away to shake his hand and rumples his hair.

"Hi, Doc," he said. "Did you like the game?"

Then, with a "sir," he asked to be excused so he could shower and dress and catch the rest of his teammates who were already piling on the waiting bus, heading for downtown hotels and families and friends and the big victory party that night. But before he could get away someone asked Holleder the question that had to be answered. How did he feel, now that it was all over, about the big experiment: the switch to quarterback after being a great end—and giving up a chance to be an almost-certain All-America this year?

"Well," said Holly, "it was a real challenge and . . . well, I have a certain feeling now, knowing I had a big band in the victory over Navy this year. If I was still playing end I'd have been doing what I was told."

He thought this over a minute and then grinned a little. "Maybe I can say it better," he said. "Here's the difference. Last year I played end in the Navy game—and we lost. This year I played quarterback and we won."

OPEN SEASON ON COACHES

ANYONE who has kept in touch with the hangings of football coaches this season—in effigy, up to now—is entitled to conclude that this year there are more sophomores in college than usual. One recent day at San Jose State the effigy trick took a new twist when an ill-mannered crowd strung up an effigy of the coach's wife. This wiped off whatever smiles were left to the idea and may have ended the effigy act for a while.

It has not, of course, eased the coach's fundamental situation—uncertainty of tenure. At the University of Washington, where no coach, not even the illustrious Gloomy Gil Dobie, ever has resigned of his own accord, Johnny Cherberg faced mutiny in the ranks of a team he had coached through a 5-4-1 season, successful by comparison with two previous autumns (2-8 last year and 3-6-1 in 1953) and in the light of mediocre material available to him. A delegation of more than 30 players presented Harvey Cassill, athletics director, with a list of grievances. Among them: a slap supposedly administered to Guard Gene Pedersen for incurring a holding penalty, whereas the fact was, as Pedersen and Cherberg agreed,

that the coach had only chucked Pedersen under the chin in an effort to cheer him up.

But there were other allegations: "He appears to be affected . . . by pressure to win . . . Players have been shocked and befuddled by the coach's reaction under various pressure conditions."

And he had, players said, "yelled" at them, refused to let them eat apples on an airplane, bawled one out for eating a second piece of pie and refused to let two players ride back from a game with their girls.

There were players who sided with the coach. Fred Robinson, 230-pound Negro tackle and All-Coast selection, snapped, "It's the rottenest thing I've heard of. Most of them [the dissident players] didn't earn the right to play ball." There were influential alumni on Cherberg's side too, and all but one of his assistant coaches. The exception was Jim Sutherland, backfield coach, who is leaving Cherberg's staff and whose name turns up repeatedly in revolving players' statements that Sutherland had "nothing to do with" their action. Sutherland himself denied playing the lago role: "Any transgression of mine in this football situation was an unwitting, well-meaning thing."

Amid the uproar the Washington Quarterbacks Club threw its influential "100% support" behind Cherberg, "a real gentleman." Jim Phelan, who coached the Huskies for 12 years and thinks of Seattle as "the worst town in America for a football coach," blamed "the same little off-campus group of jerks that were always stirring up things around there."

Finally Vice-President H. P. (Dick) Everest met with Cherberg and told him the university administration would investigate and make its report

to the board of regents December 10.

With 70% of his squad against him, Cherberg was tight-lipped but smiling.

"I think I can straighten out the situation," he said. "I can and I must."

AN OLYMPIC PREVIEW

WHEN TEXANS decide to do something they don't piddle around. Looking for some way to dramatize the fact that the Olympic Games are less than a year away (and, at the same time, to pep up their football team for the big game with Howard Payne College), the students of Abilene Christian decided to stage a Texas version



of the ceremony that traditionally opens the Olympics. And so, 500 undergraduates, each running 300 yards or so apace, relayed a flaming torch 83 miles from Abilene to Howard Payne's stadium at Brownwood, Texas. The 500th man to take the torch was, fittingly, one of the brightest U.S. hopes for the Olympics, Abilene Christian's own Bobby Morrow, the tall, lean dash man who ran the 100 in an unofficial 9.1 last June.

Of course—and this is never to be uttered aloud in Texas—the stunt itself was piddling when measured against the ceremony that actually will open the Olympics next fall. That ceremony, the most ambitious of its kind in history, will begin in Greece, on the plains of Olympia, in October. There the torch will be ignited, carried by 350 young Greek runners to Athens, then (transferred to a miser's lamp) placed aboard a plane and flown to Australia. Then, down under, the torch will be relayed 2,750 miles for 15 days and nights from Cairns to Melbourne's Olympic Stadium in time for the opening of the games on the afternoon of Nov. 22, 1956.

On that afternoon Bobby Morrow of Abilene devoutly hopes to be among those present. After he had delivered the torch in the pregame ceremony at Brownwood, Morrow said he had been back in training for two months now. "I didn't do anything this summer but run a few jack rabbits," he said, "and I caught 'em too. Now I'm running mostly 50-yard sprints and practicing starts. The movies [films taken by his coach, Oliver Jackson] show I'm not getting much arm action. And I'm starting too low. But I just about got



SHOOT AND RUN

Pasture archer really zipped,
West running with a snail;
He found his bull's-eye came equipped
With four legs and a tail.

—GILBERT GOODWIN

my legs in shape. I don't know if I'll make the Olympic team, but I'm sure going to try."

Morrow has plenty of competition ahead of him before the Olympics. On Dec. 12 he flies to Australia with Wes Santee and Bob Richards as a guest of the Australian government. He will run in exhibitions in both Australia and New Zealand. Next year Morrow is scheduled to compete in the Compton Invitational at Los Angeles, the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics meet in San Diego, the AAU in Bakersfield, the NCAA trials and, finally, the Olympic trials.

After his part in the Olympic ceremony at Brownwood, Morrow sat with his fellow students in the Abilene Christian rooting section, but the flame that had burned brightly all the way to Brownwood failed to set the Abilene Christian team on fire. Howard Payne won 21 to 6.

LORD CHOLMONDELEY SPEAKS

FOR THIRTY-TWO years the House of Lords had not heard a solitary word from one of its most distinguished members, George Horatio Charles, fifth Marquess of Cholmondeley which, as almost everyone must know, is pronounced "Chumley." He broke silence just the other day, moved, as he put it, "at long last . . . by the wish to do something about the rabbit."

The rabbit is the subject of a good deal of solicitude among animal-loving Britons. Regarded as crop-and-pasture-destroying pests by farmers, Britain's bunnies have been deliberately afflicted with myxomatosis, a painful but only slowly fatal disease, in an effort to destroy them (SI, Oct. 25, '54). Sporting methods, like shooting and ferreting, and other methods, like gassing burrows and snaring, have been both inadequate and to some extent inhumane. As Cholmondeley, a man of 72, explained it in gentle but fervent tones to a sparse scattering of peers sprawled on the crimson benches:

"Is it not a fact that the only way in which a rabbit can meet a decent death is to come up against a first-class shot? And we all know that first-class shots are very rare. Third-class shots get him in the hind part. And what happens to him then? He goes home and takes a long time to die . . . We have treated the rabbit in a bad way for years and years and if only the government will now eradicate all rabbits . . . it will be a relief to our conscience."

Even as a sportsman—he played vigorous polo and tennis for years and still

is a golfer—Cholmondeley has been noted for his prolonged silences. He would arrive for polo leading his ponies, play a match and depart without ever uttering a word. And as a vegetarian of many years he may have had in mind the effect of rabbits on carrots when he demanded "drastic legislation" of an unspecified nature to force landowners, under penalty of heavy fines and even jail, to do right by the rabbit in bringing about his destruction by humane means.

In this connection, and before departing into a further period of silence at his Norfolk estate (Houghton Hall, one of England's stately Georgian homes), the Marquess fired one parting, first-class shot at the House of Lords.

"If some noble lords meet in jail," he said, "it will be their own fault."

TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE

RING NO. 8 of the Veteran Boxers Association, which hopes someday to have enough money to take care of broken-down boxers after managers and promoters are through with them, paid homage the other night to Charlie Goldman, a dapper little man who wears a derby like a kingly crown and a bow tie with the aplomb he applies to such matters as the training of Rocky Marciano, heavyweight champion of the world.

Ring No. 8 is the New York chapter of the association, started 18 years ago by Lew Tendler and Joe Gunan in

Philadelphia, which is Ring No. 1 and also is known tenderly as "the Mother Ring." Its motherly instincts have often saved dead boxers from potter's fields and paid hospital bills for sick fighters. It is dreaming of the time when, perhaps, a small portion of television fight receipts will be set aside for such purposes.

A bantamweight fighter in his day, half a century ago, and rather short even for a bantamweight, Charlie Goldman was presented with a golden trophy, surmounted by the figure of a boxer and standing higher than his forehead as he sat behind it on the dais. He listened with a pixie grin to tributes from such ex-champions as Mickey Walker and Bob Olin and with special delight to some words of praise from his own tiger, Rocky, even when Rocky, searching for the right word, referred to him as a "great psychoanalyst."

Dr. Goldman's outstanding contribution to the treatment of boxers' neurological disorders was delivered, the champion recalled, just before the opening bell of Rocky's fight with Joe Louis. Sitting on his stool, Rocky felt the flutter of butterflies under his flat, tight-muscled abdomen and hoped prayerfully that his trainer would come up with some magic words of advice on how to fight this aging but still terrifying ex-champion. It turned out that Dr. Goldman had indeed analyzed the situation and was ready with advice for his patient.

"Make it a short fight," he ordered. *continued on next page*



"God, a single-breasted, downy-chinned, stick walker."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

"At my age I can't be runnin' up and down them steps all night."

FORECAST: UNSETTLED

AT BEAR MOUNTAIN, N.Y., they frequently have to grind up tons of ice to make synthetic snow for their ski meets because of a lack of the genuine article. Last summer a lot of people in the Northeast hurried down to Florida to escape the heat and then had to dash back because their homes were threatened by hurricanes. A Pennsylvania farmer spent \$8,000 for equipment to irrigate his drought-stricken corn and two weeks later his fields were under six feet of floodwater. Possums are moving north. The dust bowl area of Texas was drenched, but up in New England and Canada 250,000 acres of birch were killed by successive hot summers.

Such manifestations as these have got people to talking about the weather more than they ever did before, and that means plenty of talk. Now they are discussing the weather in a new way. Time was when meteorological conversation would start with, "Looks like rain." Now a man will say, "I see there's a disturbance east of Puerto Rico which could develop into another hurricane." Weather talk is now in terms of climatic changes, melting icecaps and shifting hurricane belts.

There is no question in the public mind that mighty meteorological changes are taking place, changes that affect its livelihood, safety, sport and recreation. Some people seem to blame it all on the explosion of atomic bombs out in the West, but so far scientists have failed to find any convincing connection.

Some weather analysts hold that nothing strange is taking place; that normal weather represents an average of extremes and the average seldom occurs. The National Geographic Society says that the term "temperate" for the U.S. climatic zone is a laugh, that the contrasts in U.S. weather are as extreme as any on earth.

Some claim that everything is warming up, but the coldest temperature ever recorded in this country, 69.7° below zero, took place on January 20 last year at Roger's Pass, Mont. Readings of 13° below or under have been taken in 47 states, and the 48th, good old sunny Florida, has had an official 2° below zero.

It has gone above 100° in every

state. North Dakota has had 121°, while Florida has had only 100°. Death Valley, Calif. produced the highest ever officially recorded in the U.S., 134°. This is less than three degrees under the world record of 136.4° in a Libyan village in 1922. On June 22, 1947, a foot of rain fell in 42 minutes at Holt, Mo. The biggest hailstone hit Potter, Neb. It was 17 inches in circumference, or nearly 6 inches in diameter. California has had a 60-inch snowfall in a single day.

These are facts, but it also is a fact that Floridians are sympathetic yet a little smug because the Northeast is getting the hurricane poundings that they used to get. The scientists haven't explained this yet. One theory is that it has to do with mysterious changes in the upper air currents. But they admit they don't know whether the trend will continue. For all they know, the hurricanes may be back south again next year.

In desperation more people are turning back to such traditional weather prognosticators as woolly bears, ground-hogs and the like. But this year even the woolly bears, those fuzzy esterspillars with the black ends and brown middles, went into a dither. When Dr. C. H. Curran of the American Museum of Natural History went out this fall to make the official survey, some bears had narrow bands (assuring a mean

winter), some had wide bands (meaning, relax, it'll be mild).

Now *The Old Farmer's Almanac* comes right out and says this winter will be "as severe as any of the 20th century." Their man, Abe Weatherwise, does this by delving into a trunkful of old statistics.

This may be one way of doing it. Another would be to turn lots of money over to the Weather Bureau for research into the problem of what goes with the weather, anyway. But research can be dangerous, too. Two months ago a weather recording instrument fell through the roof of a man's house in Boone, Iowa. The gadget weighed 130 pounds.

Well—do you think it's going to rain or snow tomorrow?

WALTONIANS IN ZANESVILLE

FISHING is admittedly one of the "carry-over" sports but even Isaac Walton never pushed his pastime with the devotion of six fishermen who have just made a thoughtful investment in Memorial Park cemetery, near Zanesville, Ohio. All their lots border on a picturesque little lake that is teeming with bluegills, crappies and an occasional bass. The six have organized a fishing club, elected a president and picked a name: the Hereafter Fishing Club.

SPECTACLE

RACE OF THE YEAR

The match race between Swaps and Nashua provided the biggest racing moment of 1955 and determined the year's top Thoroughbred

Thoroughbreds thundered around U.S. tracks in approximately 31,000 races this year, but the one race that will stand above them all was the \$100,000 winner-take-all match race at Chicago's Washington Park. It had all the elements that make for intense drama: the West was represented by Swaps, a golden chestnut unbeaten in eight 1955 starts and victor in the Kentucky Derby. From his home at Aqueduct, to uphold the prestige of the East—and to find revenge for his Derby defeat—came Nashua, the late William Woodward Jr.'s strapping bay. As the pair paraded to the post (opposite page, Nashua wears No. 1), they commanded the undivided attention of the racing world and aroused millions of others who do not ordinarily think of themselves as racing fans. Here and on the following pages Mark Kauffman's color pictures recapture the exciting moments of the Race of the Year—a race that would inevitably decide who would be Horse of the Year (see page 21).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





As the gates open for the long-awaited race, Nashua, on the inside, responds to Edde Arcare's whip to get the jump on his rival

First time by the grandstand it's Nashua, settling into full stride, by half a length as Swaps finally gets himself straightened out





Looking for firmer racing footing, Willie Shoemaker quickly reins Swaps farther to the outside while Arcaro gets Nashua away flying

Nashua nears the finish line to win by six and a half lengths after beating off Swaps's challenges during an exciting first mile





The victory theirs, the tired team of Nashua and Arcaro walks back to the winner's circle to be greeted by a swarming mob of police, newsmen—and a tender pat from young Bill Woodward

HORSES OF THE YEAR

The top betting year in U.S. racing history saw the major award go to Nashua

by WHITNEY TOWER

for a sensational record in a season of many other distinguished performances

IN MANY WAYS the tense excitement that accompanied the matching, the running and the unexpected aftermath of the Swaps-Nashua encounter at Washington Park (see preceding pages) reflects the whole picture of Thoroughbred racing in the U.S. during 1955. For it was a year of general excitement, a season of genuinely noteworthy performances. Before admission turnstiles stop clicking on the last day of this month the official records will show that America's No. 1 paid spectator sport will have attracted close to 30 million fans in the 24 states which legalize pari-mutuel betting. Those fans will have bet over 2 billion dollars on some 26,000 horses running in about 31,000 races.

But long after the statistical records have been read, noted and forgotten by many the memory of the match race will linger on. Purely as a horse race, the Swaps-Nashua affair could not, perhaps, compare with such thrillers as Nashua's victory by a neck over Summer Tan in the Wood Memorial or Helioscope's margin of a head over High Gun in the Suburban Handicap. Yet there was a naturally inspired element of sheer drama as Swaps and Nashua walked quietly into the Washington Park starting gate to settle an argument of supremacy—an argument which had managed in the weeks before the race to find its way into the homes of sport fans around the world. The drama did not end when Nashua, under one of the fiercest driving rides ever staged by Eddie Arcaro, left Swaps after a mile and won by six and a half lengths. It hung heavy in the air between New York and California for days and even weeks as the analysts probed for explanations of Swaps's sudden reversal of form. When it was revealed that Swaps had re-injured a foot, which had given his stable cause to worry intermittently throughout his brilliant West Coast racing career, the news served for some as a handy trumpet with which to proclaim Nashua's victory hollow and meaningless. From the winner's camp came back the report that Swaps must have been sound on match-race day, for no unsound horse—regardless of heart and courage—could have run virtually head and head with Nashua for the first mile. This much is known: Nashua won on his own merits and on the combined merits of a jockey and trainer who had no peers in 1955. This too is known: Rex Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, displayed

the admirable traits of a true sportsman in agreeing to a match race in the first place. His horse, already in the role of 3-year-old champion, had nothing to gain, everything to lose by accepting the challenge of Nashua. Ellsworth was so worried over Swaps's foot that on the eve of the race he phoned a friend in California to express his concern.

In any case, all was well with Nashua, and the following afternoon, as he won the Race of the Year, he quite logically set himself up for the honor which officially befell him this week: being named Horse of the Year by a majority of the 33 editors, correspondents and handicappers voting in the annual poll of *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*. Nashua received 22 votes to eight for High Gun, his conqueror in the Sysonby, and three for Swaps. The Belair Stud colt's superiority in his own 3-year-old division was even more one-sided as 29 of the 33 experts voted for him and the remaining four stuck with Swaps. Voting also on a more encompassing 5-2-1 basis, these two far outdistanced the only other 3-year-old colts to get a call: Traffic Judge, Saratoga and Summer Tan.

Nashua made history in 1955 by setting a new one-year earnings record of \$752,550 with 10 victories in 12 starts. His exploits, seen by millions through the medium of television, put Nashua on the same lofty pedestal to which only one horse before him—Native Dancer—had been elevated. This week his public, while reading an announcement that Swaps has recovered from his foot operation and will be ready for a Santa Anita winter campaign, was still wondering what lay ahead for Nashua and hoping he would be given his deserved chance to eclipse Citation's all-time earning record. Following the recent death of his owner, William Woodward Jr., Nashua has been turned out in Kentucky, awaiting the final decision as to the disposition of the stable—a decision which will reveal whether Nashua goes to Hialeah or possibly to the sales ring.

The very structure of American racing, with an accent which lays heavy stress on the classic stakes (including the Triple Crown) for 3-year-olds, tends occasionally during the long season to overemphasize the importance of the leading sophomore events. Thus it is often the case that, unless the other divisions boast an outstanding racer, performances in those ranks are

continued on page 58

THE 1955 CHAMPIONS

2-year-old colt or gelding	NEEDLES
2-year-old filly	COUBLEDGDAIRE
2-year old	NEEDLES
3-year old colt or gelding	NASHUA
3 year old filly	MISTY MORN
3-year old	NASHUA
Handicap horse	HIGH GUN
Handicap filly or mare	MISTY MORN
Sprinter	BERSEEM
Grass horse	ST. VINCENT
Steeplechaser	NER
Horse of the Year	NASHUA

THE ARMY ARRIVED BY LAND

That was the Philadelphia Story last Saturday as Quarterback Don Holleder led Army to victory over Navy without benefit of passes and brought about a classic dressing-room jubilation

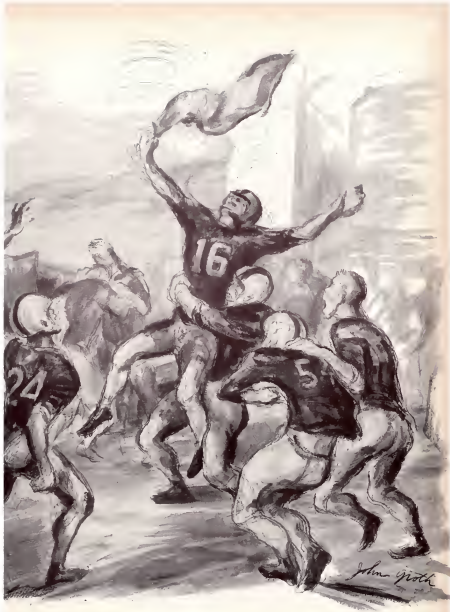
by ALFRED WRIGHT

THE United States Army is certainly not a reactionary organization, but it has its moments of extreme conservatism. One of them occurred last Saturday in Philadelphia when the Army—or at least that part of it devoted to the education and training of young officers at West Point—returned the game of football to the principles of an earlier day. Army, in short, chose to play almost an entire game by just running with the ball, as if the forward pass had never been invented. The Navy, which was the victim of this retrogressive piece of strategy, refused to admit the fundamental soundness of the old truths. It hid the ball, it passed the ball, it deployed its forces in weird patterns; it gambled and gambled on the green grass of the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium for nearly 26 minutes as if to prove that football is a game of wiles and deceit. The Army patiently waited out this flamboyant exhibition by Quarterback George Welsh and his fellow Midshipmen, conceding a mere six points while studying and, for the most part, containing the Naval display. Then, in an adult and self-contained manner, the Army began to demonstrate that old-fashioned football is by no means out of date.

Army won the game 14-6 because it did everything simply and well. It accepted its limitations—an almost complete inability to pass and scarcely enough speed to run around the ends—and made the most of what it had: 11 dedicated men who would have taken out the Colossus of Rhodes if he had been playing right guard for Navy. As it was, the Navy right guard and right tackle were considerably less formidable, and it was there that Army found the soft underbelly of the Navy

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GAPING HOLE in Navy's weak right side (SI Scouting Report, Nov. 28) lets Fullback Pat Uebel through for eight yards

and Cadets' first down. Hollender (16) has just handed off the ball. Halfback Kyasky has dumped Linebacker Whitmire (58).

THE ARMY ARRIVED BY LAND

continued from page 22

defense. Settling for the slow, grinding, consistent advance of three, four and five yards, the Army runners chewed up the football field and the clock. There was about this primitive kind of football the inevitability of the day after tomorrow.

Some of the better than 100,000 people who filled the Romanesque horseshoe thought they could sense the trend of events even before the kickoff. On the west side of the stadium they saw the big gray patch of cadets, singing, cheering and chanting its taunts across the field at the blue-and-white mass of midshipmen who sang and cheered and chanted back but with something less than the same frisky gusto. Hannibal, the Army mule, escorted by Panchito, his donkey understudy, galloped cheerfully down the gridiron while Billy XIV, the Navy goat, made a solemn and dignified entrance, confining himself to the sidelines. Finally, a great black van bearing the legend "Army's secret weapon" circled the field under the protection of three machine gunners perched on top. Stopping in front of the cadets it deposited two pert young ladies dressed in the sweaters of Army cheerleaders. Never for the rest of the day was there such a roar as greeted this violation of 55 years of undiluted masculinity. Was there an omen in all this? Did Hannibal and Panchito and Billy XIV and the 2,400 noisy cadets in the stands foresee something?

If they did, it wasn't immediately

apparent when the teams settled down to the serious business of the afternoon. Navy, which had chosen to receive after Captain John Hopkins won the toss, wasted no time confirming its role as favorite. George Welsh took charge of his team on his own 24-yard line and at once performed like the undisputed virtuoso of the split-T. On the first play he demonstrated the option at which he has no master; running to his left he showed the ball to the Army right end, who lunged just as Welsh pitched-out to Halfback Ed Oldham, who circled the end for five yards. Next Welsh sent a perfect pass to Ron Beagle, his favorite receiver, and Navy had a first down on their 38. After one option play, three forward passes, seven runs through the line and one modified Statue of Liberty—less one incomplete pass and one 15-yard penalty—the ball sat on Army's one-yard line. From there Welsh dove over a tangle of players for six points. The game was seven minutes old, and Army hadn't yet touched the ball.

The rest of the first quarter and most of the second were repetitious. Only once did Army move to a first down, but Don Hollender, who had sacrificed a season of glory as an end to attempt the mysteries of T quarter-backing, threw a pass which Webb intercepted. Again Navy set sail for the Army goal. In fact, the task force from Annapolis made three such voyages down the field after that first

touchdown, but never quite arrived. Twice there were fumbles deep inside Army lines. Once the journey just ran out of fuel on the Army 20. Navy was adopting a look of frustration.

With slightly more than four minutes of the first half left, Hollender collected his troops on his own 13-yard line. By this time he had had the benefit of a sideline chat with his coach, Colonel Red Blaik, while substitute Russ Mericle operated the team. Blaik showed him what Navy was doing to the Army attack—putting six men on the line with the guards and tackles widely separated and a linebacker set between them just a yard or so from scrimmage. The "blackboard six" they call this defense because coaches generally use it to diagram plays, but for this day the Army blocking was diagrammed against other arrangements. Having posted his teammates on this Navy treachery, Hollender was ready to start the Army charge.

FINDING THE SOFT SIDE

It was plain, fundamental football that he directed: Captain Pat Uebel, a fullback who runs with the power of a Percheron, bulling through holes on the Navy's right side; Halfbacks Dick Murland and Bob Kyasky squinting through quick openings; Hollender himself occasionally keeping the ball and rolling around the ends for variety's sake. Yet time was short, and running plays devour it. With only seconds remaining, Blaik set in word to use "R 14 pass," the play where Hollender rolls to the left and throws. The crowd



SAME HOLE It opened again as Army starts 36-yard drive late in second quarter, failing to score when clock ran out. As Navy

Tackle Jim Royer (71) is driven outside and Linebacker Jim Wood (54) inside, Quarterback Welsh (11) has been lured wide.

was screaming and Holleder didn't hear the key word "pass." He rolled to the outside all right but kept the ball. One play later the gun went off with the ball still on Navy's three-yard line.

Army was anything but discouraged. They had found the Navy's soft side—first located by Notre Dame earlier in the season—and the Cadets came out to punish it in the second half after Red Blaik's locker-room briefing on new blocking assignments. Now it was a totally different game—Navy erratic and fumbling despite the undiminished brilliance of Welsh, Army confident and unburied as it slogged through Navy's guards and tackles. Holleder tried just one more pass which fell incomplete and then dropped the whole idea. As he said afterward: "I knew we could run against them; I felt we had the better backs. And then when we started to move on the ground just before the half, I remembered what the Colonel always told me: 'If it works, stick with it.' So I did."

The second time he got the ball in the third quarter, Holleder marched the team to a touchdown, and Ralph Chenauskas, another football chameleon who had been moved from guard to tackle to end during his three years on the varsity, kicked the extra point. Army 7, Navy 6. In the fourth quarter Army again struck Navy amidstships, pushing steadily to the Middles' 23-yard line. From there Halfback Pete

Lash fooled Jim Owen for the first and only time that afternoon, circling his end for the game's longest run and Army's second touchdown. Chenauskas' conversion sealed the Navy casket for 1955. The football season was only a few plays away from the final gun.

Afterward, under the stands in the dark, damp concrete caverns of the dressing rooms, two contrasting dramas were in progress. On the Army side songs and yelps and handshakes and backslapping and wide grins through swollen lips. On the Navy side gloom and silence so deep you could almost hear a tear drop. Out on the field a

swaying blend of Army gray and Navy blue as the noncombatants and their families and their girls intermingled as at some elephantine garden party. And then outside the stadium, only a few dozen yards away, the long black row of railroad locomotives neatly aligned at the heads of 37 special trains from New York and Baltimore and Washington and Wilmington and Newark, ready to carry away for another year the witnesses to football's finest spectacle. (E. H. B.)

FOR A REPORT ON USC'S AMAZING UPSET OF NOTRE DAME AT LOS ANGELES, SEE PAGE 18



VICTORIOUS QUARTERBACK Holleder gets ride toward showers on cadet shoulders, winning ball tucked under arm.

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

GREY CUP GAIETIES

Football fans jammed Vancouver to see Edmonton Eskimos beat Montreal Alouettes 34-19 for the Grey Cup. Game was good, but the parties were topping

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM HORNER



MISS GREY CUP. Barbara Beldome of Edmonton, originally crowned Miss Eskimo, is congratulated by swimmer Marilyn Bell. Miss Beldome also won a car.



VISITING YANK. Abe Schaffer, publicity man for a Las Vegas hotel, passes out phony \$1,000 bills. Some takers first thought that the bills were the real thing.



CADILLAC CONVOYS Grey Cup and fur-bearing roed in parade as all Canada takes time out from its economic boom to focus on its biggest sporting event.

HAIRY CHAPS and fancy sweater spotted by fan in front of hotel typify colorful garb of the merry-makers, who appeared in everything from kilts in Mackinaw.



BANJO STRUMMER entertains crowd at railway station. He got competition when 17 girls, all members of a boppe band, debarked from the Toronto Special.



ALL OUT FOR MELBOURNE

In Tiflis, the old Georgian town where young Joe Stalin once heisted banks, top Soviet athletes hiked records in the USSR Championships as they flexed their muscles for the '56 Olympics



OLYMPIC THREAT, 23-year-old Galina Zybilina of Russia, puts shot 54 feet 8 3/4 inches to break own world mark fourth time this year.

MARATHONERS TAKE TO PROLETARIAN HEELS WITH A VARIETY OF EXPRESSIONS RANGING FROM OUTRIGHT GLEE TO DEAD SERIOUSNESS





MARATHON WINNER S. Kuznetsov finishes 26-mile 385-yard race all by himself as his time of 2:21:23.8 sets Soviet record.



SLENDER BLONDE, A. Chadlan, winner of the title of Champion of USSR, sails through air in broad jump before Georgians.

THE EVENTUAL WINNER, S. KUZNETZOV (PICTURED ABOVE), IS WELL BACK IN THE PACK AT THE START OF RACE WITH OTHER NUMBER 105



BOOM BOOM GOES . . .

Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion of league-leading Montreal plays with zest. So does Leaping Lou Fontinato of the second-place Rangers. Here is what happened when Lou and Boom Boom met in the last period of a 1-1 game at Madison Square Garden



RANGER GOALIE WORSLEY HEADS OFF PUCK AS BOOM BOOM (5) IS THROWN OFF BALANCE AFTER HARD BODY CHECK BY FONTINATO (3)



BOOM BOOM HITS ICE, AND RECKNETS OFF BOARDS. DESPITE PAINFUL SHOULDER SEPARATION HE WAS OUT OF ACTION ONLY ONE WEEK

... BOOM!





"IT HAS A QUIET ACADEMIC CHARM... IT IS A SLEEPY BLOCK... A COUPLE OF HOCK SHOPS. A

PART I THE UNIVERSITY

A distinguished writer on the fisic arts illuminates the history of an extraordinary institution, the center of boxing in America: Stillman's Gym. First of two installments



A. J. LIEBLING

AUTHOR AND ARTICLE

Few men know, or love, the venerable sport of boxing better than A. J. Liebling, one of its greatest chroniclers and most knowledgeable historians. At a time when boxing is under indictment by the government of the U.S. as a monopoly, when it is being investigated in three states and faces mounting criticism across the nation,

he has turned his discerning eye to that ancient, smoke-hung, sweat-stained hall which is boxing's beating heart, the background against which the continuing story, for good or for evil, of boxing in America must unfold. SI is proud to present the history of Stillman's Gym, the University of Eighth Avenue, and its owner, Lou Stillman, in these pages.

IN EVERY great city certain quarters take on the color of an industry. Fifty-second Street between Sixth and Fifth Avenues in New York, for example, is given over to strip-tease palaces. In addition to electric signs and posters advertising the Boppa La Zoppa and Ocelot Women inside, it can be identified in the evening by the thin line of nonholding males along the curb who stand on tiptoes or bend double and twist their necks into periscopes in what must surely be an unrewarding effort to see through the chinks in the draperies. This is known as the old college try, since it is practiced largely by undergraduates.

Forty-seventh Street between Sixth and Fifth, for another example, is devoted to polishing and trading diamonds. It is lined with jewelers' exchanges, like North African soaks with fluorescent lighting, inside which hordes of narrow men rent jumping-up-and-sitting-down space with a linear foot of showense immediately in front of it.



PET STORE AND A DRUG STORE WHICH SELLS BANDAGES AND GAUZE FOR TAPING FIGHTERS' HANDS

OF EIGHTH AVENUE

by A. J. LIEBLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL HOBAN

The traders who don't want to sink their funds in overhead stand out on the sidewalk. There is a social distinction even among them: between two-handkerchief men, who use one exclusively for diamond storage, and one-handkerchief men, who knot their diamonds in a corner of their all-purpose neckerchiefs.

The block on the west side of Eighth Avenue between 54th and 55th street is given over to the polishing of prize fighters. It has a quiet academic charm, like West 116th Street when you leave the supermarkets and neighborhood movie houses of upper Broadway and find yourself on the Columbia campus with its ivy-hallowed memories of Sid Luckman and Dwight D. Eisenhower. It is a sleepy block whose modest shops are given over to the needs of the student body—a couple of hock shops, a pet store and a drug-store which sells bandages and gauze for taping fighters' hands. A careful etiquette reigns in this student quarter,

as it is impossible to know if you can lick even the smallest man looking into the pet shop next door to No. 919 Eighth Avenue, which is the Old Dartmouth, or Nassau Hall, of the University of Eighth Avenue.

Old Stillman, as this building is named in honor of the founder, is three stories high, covered with soot instead of ivy and probably older than most midwestern campuses at that. It is a fine example of a postcolonial structure of indefinable original purpose and looks as if it had been knocked down in the Draft Riots of 1863 and left for dead. It hides its academic light behind a sign which says "Stillman's Gym," against a background resembling an oilcloth tablecloth from some historic speakeasy specializing in the indelible red wine of the age of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Warren Gasmalhel Harding. Maybe that is where the artist got the canvas; it is an economical neighborhood. The sign

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EIGHTH AVENUE

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also says "Training Here Daily," and in smaller letters "Boxing Instruction—See Jack Curley." This is the university's nearest approach to a printed catalogue. Doctor Lou Stillman, the president, knew when he put out his sign in 1921 that an elaborate plant does not make a great educational institution. In the great schools of the Middle Ages, scholars came to sharpen their wits by mutual disputation. Prize fighters do likewise.

The narrow window of the pet shop is divided by a partition, and the show is always the same. Monkeys on top—which is Stillmanese for "in the feature attraction"—and a tolerant cat playing with puppies underneath, which is Stillmanese for the subordinate portion of the entertainment, as for example a semfinal. Dangling all over the window are parakeets and dog collars. The window draws very good, to stay with the scholastic jargon, before noon when the fighters are waiting for Old Stillman to open and around 3, when the seminars are breaking up. A boy wins a four-rounder, he buys a parakeet and dreams of the day he will fight on top and own a monkey. There was a time when a boxer's status was reflected by the flash on his finger, now it is by his pet. Floyd Patterson, a brilliant star on the light-heavyweight horizon, owns a cinnamon ringtail.

Whitey Blinstein, the famous trainer, had one of the pet-shop monkeys hooking off a jab pretty good for awhile. Whitey, a small bald man with sidehair the color of an Easter chick, would stand in front of the window darting his left straight toward the monk's face and then throwing it in toward the body, and the monk would imitate him—"better than some of these kids they send me from out of town," Whitey says. Then one day he noticed a cop walking up and down the other side of the street and regarding him in a peculiar manner. "I figure he thinks I'm going nuts," Whitey says. "So I drop the monk's education."

"You probably couldn't get him a license anyway," Iazy Blank, another educator, said consolingly.

The affinity between prize fighters and monkeys is old; the late Jack McAuliffe, who retired as undefeated lightweight champion of the world in 1896, once had one that rode his neck when he did roadwork. Twenty miles was customary in those days—they

trained for finish fights—so the monkey and McAuliffe saw a lot of territory together. "The monk would hold on with his legs around my neck, and if I stopped too fast he would grab my ears to keep from falling off," the old hero told me when I had the good fortune to talk to him. McAuliffe was a great nature-lover and political thinker. When he told me about the monkey he was 69 years old and running in a Democratic primary for assemblyman to annoy his son-in-law, who would give him no more money to lose at the races.

THE STORY OF THE MONKEY

"I went into this contest," he said, "because the taxes are too high, the wages of the little fellow are being cut, and nobody has ever went right down to the basis. There are men in our Legislature today who remind me of Puddy the Pig, who would steal your eye for a breastpin." Not drawing a counter in the political department, he told me about the monkey.

McAuliffe in his glory had been a great friend of John L. Sullivan and of a bantamweight named Jack Skelly from Yonkers. The three were engaged to perform in a Salzburg festival of the Sweet Science promoted by the Olympic Club of New Orleans in September 1892. On Sept. 5 McAuliffe was to defend his lightweight title against Billy Myer, the Streator (Ill.) Cyclone. On the 6th, Skelly would try to win the featherweight championship from the incumbent George Dixon, the great Little Chocolate. And on the third, climactic night, the great John L. would annihilate an upstart from San Francisco named Jim Corbett.

"I thought the monk would bring us all luck," the old man said. "He started good. When I knocked Billy out in the fifteenth the monk was up on the top rope as the referee said '10' and hop, off onto my shoulder before the man got my hand up. I took him and threw him into the air and caught him again, I was so happy.

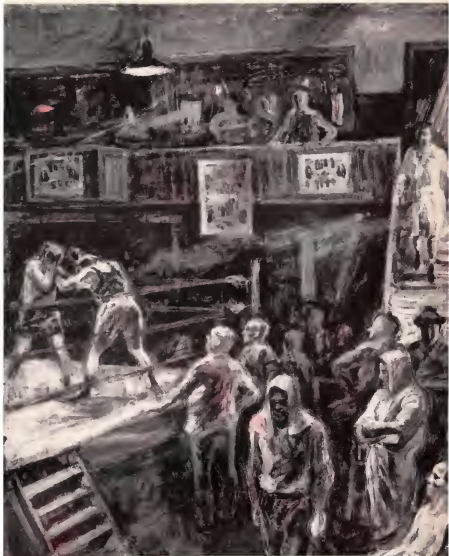
"Oh, you fool of a monkey!" I said, and when I was on the table after the fight he played in the hair on my chest like I was his brother.

"Then Skelly fought Dixon, and when Dixon knocked him out I thought I noticed a very peculiar look on the monkey's face, like he was glad to see Skelly got it. I said to myself, 'I wonder who you are.' I gave him the benefit of the doubt, but when Corbett stopped Sullivan, I grabbed the

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ON THE MAIN FLOOR THERE ARE TWO BOXING



* RINGS, SET CLOSE TOGETHER. THE NARROW STRIP BEHIND THEM IS FOR BOXERS AND TRAINERS. DR. STILLMAN STARES BEHIND AN IRON RAIL

EIGHTH AVENUE

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monkey by the neck and wrung it like he was a chicken. I've often felt bad about it since. God help me, I had a very bad temper."

I cite this only to prove the ring is a continuum with fixed values and built-in cultural patterns like Philadelphia or the world of Henry James.

Monkeys can fight like hell when properly trained, incidentally, and Jacco Maccacco, the Fighting Monkey, weighing 12 pounds, had a standing challenge to kill any 20-pound dog in Jane Austen's England. He had a

up, like a stolen diamond on 47th Street. It is harder to ring a fighter than a horse, because in order to disguise him you have to change his style, which is more trouble than developing a new fighter.

The whole block is handy to the building called Madison Square Garden, at 50th Street and Eighth, where the International Boxing Club maintains offices and promotes boxing matches on Friday nights when the house hasn't been rented out to Ringling Brothers' Circus or Sonja Henie or the Rodeo. This is of considerable economic advantage to members of the academic community, since they can

than one or two nowadays since television has knocked out the nontelevised neighborhood clubs. There is a wide wooden staircase leading up to the gym. Although Dr. Stillman locks a steel grille across the doorway promptly at 3, keeps it locked until 5:30, when working scholars come in for the poor man's session, and then locks it again religiously at 7, the joint always smells wrong. Dr. Stillman, like so many college presidents nowadays, is not himself a teacher but rather an administrator, and the smell in the hall makes him feel there are limits to academic freedom. He is a gaunt man with a beak that describes an arc like an overhand right, bushy eyebrows, a ruff of hair like a frowzy cockatoo and a decisive, heavily impish manner. He has the reputation of never having taken any lip off anybody, which is plausible, because he seldom gives the other fellow a chance to say anything. In earlier stages of his academic career he used to speak exclusively in shouts, but now that he is in his latter 60s, his voice has mellowed to a confident rasp. The great educator has never, so far as is known, himself put on the gloves; it might prove a psychological mistake. Stillman excels in insulting matriculants so casually that they don't know whether to get sore or not. By the sixth time Stillman has insulted a prize fighter the fighter feels it would be inconsistent to take offense at such a late stage in their personal interrelationship. When that happens, Stillman has acquired the edge.

Dr. Stillman has not been so styled since birth. His original surname was Ingber, but he got into the gymnasium business by working for a philanthropist named Alpheus Geer who ran a kind of Alcoholics Anonymous for burglars trying to go straight. Geer called his crusade the Marshall Stillman movement, and he thought the best kind of occupational therapy was boxing, so he opened a gym, which young Ingber managed. The burglars got to calling Lou Ingber, Lou Stillman, and after they stole all the boxing gloves and Mr. Geer quit in disgust, Ingber opened a gymnasium of his own, farther uptown than this Old Stillman, and legally adopted his present name.

Occasionally Dr. Stillman has a problem student who does not know when he is being insulted, and then he has to think up some more subtle psychological stratagem. Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, a heavyweight who has to be driven out of the gymnasium at the end of every session because he



considerably greater public reputation than Wordsworth.

On the second floor of a taxpayer at the northwest corner of 54th and Eighth, the International Boxing Guild maintains a brand-registry office for the purpose of preventing managers from stealing other managers' fighters and renaming them. They do not nick the kids' ears or cut their dewlaps, but they keep complete files, so if a rustler lures a boxer under contract to a Guild member from, say, Spokane to Toronto, both out-of-town points, word of the theft goes out. Then no Guild manager will fight him. That is to say, of course, no Guild manager will let his chattels fight him. It is a simpler process than going to law, because the rustler may have an edge in his home town and you cannot carry your own judge with you. It is a handy location, because if anybody smuggled anybody else's fighter into town, Stillman's is where he would be most likely to show

drop down to the Garden and talk their way into some complimentary tickets without spending an extra subway fare. It is doubly convenient for managers who are discontented with Billy Brown, the IBC matchmaker, a sentiment they usually communicate by sitting around his office and making faces. By walking down from Stillman's, burning comps and making a face, they effect a double saving. This advantage is purely fortuitous because when Stillman opened his place in 1921 the Madison Square Garden stood at Madison Square. Not even Stillman contends they tore it down and built the present one just to get near him.

THE JOINT SMELLS WRONG

The modest entrance to Old Stillman is the kind of hallway you would duck into if you wanted to buy marijuana in a strange neighborhood. There are posters for the coming week's metropolitan fight shows—rarely more

wants to punch the bag some more, has been a recent disciplinary challenge. Jackson, who is 6 feet 2 inches tall and of inverse intellectual stature, would occupy a boxing ring all the time if Stillman let him. He would like to box 15 or 30 rounds a day, but this would be of no value to his fellow students, even those who worked with him, because Jackson is a purely imitative boxer. He waits to see what the other fellow will do and then does it right back at him until the guy drops from exhaustion. Against a jabber he will jab and against a mauler he will maul; it is the exact opposite of Sam Langford's counsel: "Whatever that other man want to do, don't let him do it. Box a fighter and fight a boxer." Jackson will box a boxer, after a fashion, and fight a fighter, in a way, but he can never decide for himself. Knowing this, most boxers who work with him step in with a right to the jaw, planning to knock him out before he can begin his systematic plagiarism. But he has a hard jaw. Whitey and Freddie Brown, his trainers, who are partners, attribute his lack of originality to an emotional conflict, but it has not yielded to any kind of permissive therapy like buying him a .22 rifle to shoot rats, or letting him drink soda pop on fight nights. "He is not too smart of a

fellow," Freddie Brown has concluded.

Jackson, when not exercising, likes to walk around Stillman's with a shiny harmonica at his mouth, pretending to blow in it. A small, white camp follower trails in his wake, completely concealed from anybody in front of Jackson, and plays a real tune on another harmonica. It is Jackson's pose, when detected, that this is an elaborate joke because he could play a tune too, if he wanted to. Dr. Stillman once invited him to play a tune into the microphone with which the president of the University of Eighth Avenue announces the names of students defending theses in the rings. "Give us all a chance to hear you," he snarled invitingly. Tommy backed off, and Stillman grabbed a moral ascendancy. Whenever Jackson is obstreperous now, the good Doctor points to the microphone, and the Hurricane effaces himself.

OKAY BY EMANATION

To gain access to the hall of academe you must pass a turnstile guarded by Professor Jack Curley, the assistant to the president who the sign says is the fellow to see about boxing instructions. The only person who ever did was a follower of Father Divine named Saint Thomas. Curley signed him up as a heavyweight contender before letting

him through the gate where the managers could see him. Saint Thomas was a hell of a natural fighter if you believe Curley, but they split on theological grounds such as he wanted Father Divine, in *obscure*, to okay his opponents by emanation. Later he backslid and stabbed a guy, and is now in a place where he has very little opportunity for roadwork. The sign is as sensible as one would be on the door of Yale saying "Instruction in reading and writing, see Professor Doakes." Old Stillman is no elementary school.

There are two ways of getting by Professor Curley. The more popular is to invoke the name of some manager or trainer you know is inside, claiming an urgent business mission. Professor Curley will deny he is there, but if you ask some ingoing fighter to relay the message, the fellow will come out and okay you. Curley will then assume the expression of a baffled witch in a London Christmas pantomime, but he will let you in without payment. The second method is to give him 50¢, the official price of admission, which he doesn't expect from anybody who looks familiar. Through decades of practice he has trained his facial muscles not to express recognition, but he is violently disconcerted when the other fellow does

continued on next page

"THERE IS A GALLERY . . . WHICH NOW SERVES THE FIGHTERS AS A SUPPLEMENTARY GYM. THE LIGHT AND HEAVY BAGS ARE UP THERE"



or are out to make a buck, like the diamond traders. Few managers today have offices of their own—there are only a half-dozen such grandsons—and the rest transact their business walking around Stillman's or leaning against the radiators. There are seats for ordinary spectators, but managers consider it unprofessional to sit down. Even managers who have offices use them chiefly to play klabbash or run up telephone bills; they think better on their feet, in the mingled aura of rubbing alcohol, sweat and hot pastrams-on-the-lunch-counter which distinguishes Old Stillman from a gym run by Helena Rubinstein or Elizabeth Arden.

THE VANISHING BUCK

The prevailing topic of conversation at Stillman's nowadays is the vanishing buck. Boxers are in the same predicament as the hand-loom weavers of Britain when Dr. Edmund Cartwright introduced the power loom. Two boxers on a national hookup with 50 major-city outlets can fill the place of 100 boxers on top 10 years ago, and for every two eliminated from on top, at least 10 lose their work underneath. The boxer who gets the television assignment, though, is in the same spot as the hand-loom weaver who found work driving a power loom—he gets even less money than before. This is because while wads of the sponsors' tease go to networks for time and camera fees, to advertising agencies in commissions based on the purchased time, to producers for creating the drive between rounds and even to the promoters who provide the boxers, the boxers themselves get no more than they would have drawn in an off night in Scranton in 1929. Naturally, this is a discouraging technological circumstance, but the desire to punch other boys in the nose will survive in our culture. The spirit of self-preservation will induce some boys to excel. Those who find they excel will try to turn a modest buck by it. It is an art of the people, like making love, and is likely to survive any electronic gadget that peddles razor blades.

Meanwhile the contraction of the field has led to a concentration of talent at Old Stillman. These days good feature-bout fighters, who were sure of \$10,000 a year not long ago, are glad to sell their tutorial services as sparring partners for \$5 or \$10 a session. This is particularly true of the colored boys who are not quite champions. Trainers who in the flush times accepted only stars or near-stars as students will now take on any kid with a

solvent sponsor. The top trainers, whose charges appear frequently on televised shows, still make out pretty well.

Trainers, like the teachers in medieval universities, are paid by their pupils or their pupils' sponsors. A couple of trainers working as partners may have 15 fighters, all pretty good, if they are good trainers. If they cannot teach, they get no pupils and go emeritus without salary. There are two televised boxing cards originating in New York clubs every week—the St. Nick's on Monday evening and the International Boxing Club show from the Garden on Friday. When the Garden is occupied by other events, the IBC runs its show from out of town, which is a blank margin around New York City, extending for several thousand miles in every direction but east. A team of trainers like Whitey Binstein and Freddie Brown, or Nick and Dan Florio, or Chickie Ferrera and Johnny Sullo, figures to have at least one man in one of the three features every week, and a couple underneath. The trainer customarily gets 10% of his fighter's end of the purse. Because of their skill as seconds they are also sure to get calls to work in the corners of men they don't train. Noted Old Stillman trainers are called out of town for consultations almost as often as before television, because while there are many less fights, the out-of-town trainer as a species has for that very reason nearly vanished. In most places it is a part-time avocation.

Their reputation is international—last year, for example, Whitey Binstein was retained to cram a Canadian giant named James J. Parker for a bout for the Canadian heavyweight championship at Toronto. Parker is not considered much of a fighter here—a good banger, but slow of intellect. In Canada, however, he is big stuff—he weighs over 210 pounds. The Canadian champion (now retired), whom Parker was to oppose, was Earl Walls, also a pretty good banger but a slow study.

GETTING OUT OF ROADWORK

Whitey took Parker up to Greenwood Lake, N.Y., where his troubles started when the Canadian insisted on doing his roadwork on the frozen surface of the lake. "He might fall through and ruin the advance sale," Whitey said. Not wishing to increase the weight on the ice, Whitey declined to accompany him. He would watch him from a window of the inn where they were staying, prepared to cut loose with a

continued on next page



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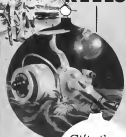
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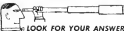
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WHAT PRICE DORY?

EIGHTH AVENUE

continued from page 29

shotgun if Parker slowed to a walk. Trainers blanch when they tell of the terrible things fighters will do to get out of roadwork. Nick Masuras, one of Whitey's friends, once had a fighter up at the Hotel Peter Stuyvesant, across the street from Central Park at 86th, and every morning he would send him out to run a couple of times around the Central Park reservoir, which is right there practically. Masuras would then go back to sleep. By and by the fellow would come in panting and soaking wet, and it wasn't until three days before the fight that Nick learned he had just been sitting on park benches talking to nunsmaids, after which he would come in and stand under a warm shower with his clothes on. After that Nick moved to a room on the eighth floor, with a park view. But it was too late. The guy's legs went back on him and he lost the fight. "He done it to himself, no one else," Nick says, mournfully, as he polishes beer glasses in his saloon, the Neutral Corner, which is the Deux Magots or Mermade Tavern of the fighters' quarter. Instead of training fighters, Nick has taken to feeding them.

"IT WAS A OUTRAGE"

Parker, on the other hand, didn't skip training. He heeded everything Whitey told him. As a consequence, Whitey says, "He give this Walls a hell of a belting and in the sixth round cut his left eye open so bad that if you were a doctor you had to stop it." The Canadian doctor, however, didn't stop it. "He was perfecting Walls," Whitey says. "The guy could of lost his eyesight." Walls had in his corner another ambassador of culture from Stillman's, Nick Florio. Florio patched the eye up so well that Walls went the distance, 12 rounds. Whitey felt like calling Florio a carpetbagger. The announcer then collected the slips of the two judges and the referee, read them, and proclaimed James J. Parker, Whitey's candidate, "Winner and new champion"—of Canada, naturally. "But," Whitey says, "they take it very serious." Whitey posed for victory pictures, allowing Parker to get into the background, and then led him away to his dressing room. There, five minutes later, another man came in and said the announcer had made a mistake—it was really a draw, so Walls was still champion. "It was an outrage," Whitey says. "They pertected him." He came back from Canada

with a bale of Toronto newspapers, which said Walls's cut eye had required 16 stitches. "They were those wide Canadian stitches," Whitey said. "Here they took them kind of stitches to make him look better." The fight, which was not televised, drew \$30,000 and the fighters whacked up \$18,000. This was much better than they would have done at the Garden, where each would have received \$4,000 from television and a purely nominal sum from the almost nonexistent gate.

For most fighters, however, pickings are lean between infrequent television appearances—so lean that they are beginning to recall the stories old-timers tell about the minuscule purses in the '30s. One of the best lightweights in the world, for example, went up to Holyoke, Mass. from the campus on Eighth Avenue not too long ago and fought on top of the gate against a tough local boy whom he knocked out in five rounds. He had signed for a percentage of the gate which turned out to be \$115. After he had deducted railroad fare, the price of a Massachusetts boxer's license and a few dollars for a local helper in his corner, he wound up with \$74. Freddie Brown, the trainer, wouldn't accept a fee, and the fighter's manager wouldn't cut the fighter because the guy was broke and he would have had to lend him the money back anyway. He had been out for several months with a broken rib sustained in another fight.

The club in Holyoke, one of the few stubborn survivors, functions Tuesday nights because of television boxing Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

All the great minds of the university have gone a few rounds with this problem, but none has come up with a thesis that his colleagues at the lunch counter couldn't flatten in the course of a couple of cups of tea. One school of savants holds that if the television companies are going to monopolize boxing they should set up a system of farm clubs to develop new talent. Another believes the situation will cure itself, but painfully. "Without the little clubs, nobody new will come up," a leader of this group argues. "The television fans will get tired of the same bums, the Hooper will drop, the sponsors will drop boxing, and then we can start all over again." Meanwhile a lot of fighters have had to go to work, a situation the horror of which was impressed upon me long ago by the great Sam Langford, in describing a period of his young manhood when he had licked everybody who would fight him. "I was so broke," he said, "that I

didn't have no money. I had to go to work with my hands." Manual labor didn't break his spirit. He got a fight with Joe Gans, the great lightweight champion of the world, and whipped him in 15 rounds in 1903, when Sam says he was 17 years old. The record books make him 23. (They were both over the weight, though, so he didn't get the title.) After the fight he was lying on the rubbing table in his dressing room feeling proud and a busted-down colored middleweight named George Byers walked in. "How did I look?" Langford asked him. "You strong," Byers said, "but you don't know nothing."

Langford wasn't offended. He had the humility of the great artist. He said, "How much you charge to teach me?" Byers said, "\$10." Langford gave him \$10. It was a sizable share of the purse he had earned for beating Gans.

"And then what happened?" I asked Sam. He said, "He taught me. He was right. I didn't know nothing. I used to just chase and punch, hurt my hands on hard heads. After George taught me I made them come to me. I made them lead."

"How?" I asked.
"If they didn't lead I'd run them out of the ring. When they led I'd hit them in the body. Then on the point of the chin. Not the jaw, the point of the chin. That's why I got such pretty hands today." Sam by that time was

nearly blind, he weighed 230 pounds and he couldn't always be sure that when he spat tobacco juice at the empty chitterling can in his hall room he would hit.

But he looked affectionately at his knees, where he knew those big hands rested. There wasn't a lump on a knuckle. "I'd belt them out," he said. "Oh, I'd belt them out."

When I told this story to Whitey he sacked in his breath reverently, like a lama informed of one of the transactions of Buddha.

"GO TWICET, GO TWICET!"

"What a difference from the kids today," the schoolman said. "I have a kid in a bout last night and he can't even count. Every time he hook the guy is open for a right, and I tell him: 'Go twicet, go twicet!' But he would go oncoet and lose the guy. I don't know what they teach them in school."

After Sam tutored with Professor Byers he grew as well as improved, but he improved a lot faster than he grew. He beat Gans, at approximately even weights, but when he fought Jack Johnson, one of the best heavyweights who ever lived, he spotted him 27 pounds. Langford weighed 158, Johnson 185. Sam was 26, according to Nat Fleischer, or 25, according to Sam, and Johnson 28. Sam knocked Johnson down for an eight count, Johnson never

continued on next page



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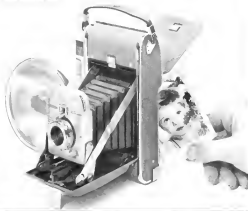
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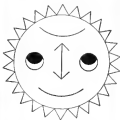
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EIGHTH AVENUE

continued from page 41

rocked Sam, and there has been argument ever since over the decision for Johnson at the end of the 15 rounds. Sam's effort was a *succès d'estime* for the scholastic approach to boxing, but Johnson, an anti-intellectual, would never give him another fight.

Johnson, by then older and slower, did fight another middleweight in 1909—Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin. Ketchel's biographers, for the most part exponents of the raw-nature, or blinded-with-blood-he-swung-again school of fight writing, turn literary handsprings when they tell how Ketchel, too, knocked Johnson down. But Johnson got up and took him with one punch. There was a direct line of comparison between Langford and Ketchel as middleweights. They boxed a six-round no-decision bout in Philadelphia which was followed by a newspaper scandal; the critics accused Langford of carrying Ketchel. Nobody accused Ketchel of carrying Langford. I asked Sam once if he had carried Ketchel, and he said, "He was a good man. I couldn't knock him out in six rounds."

Their artistic statures have been transposed in retrospect. The late, blundering Philadelphia Jack O'Brien fought both of them. He considered Ketchel "a bum distinguished only by the tumultuous but ill-directed ferocity of his assault." (That is the way Jack liked to talk.) Ketchel did knock Mr. O'Brien and cosigned his remarkable *meat* in the last nine seconds of a 10-round bout (there was no decision, and O'Brien always contended he won on points). Jack attributed his belated mishap to negligence induced by contempt. He said Langford, though, had a "mystic quality."

"When he appeared upon the scene of combat you knew you were cooked," Jack said.

Mr. O'Brien was, in five.

END

NEXT WEEK

Some ancient boxing history; and of the neutral corner, which is to Stillman's Gym what the Castle Tavern was to the Fives Court, where fighters learned from fighters in old England

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BOXING

by MARTIN KANE

SCORING A BOXING MATCH ADDS
TO THE FUN AND CAN BE DONE,
EVEN IN FRONT OF A TELEVISION
SCREEN, IF YOU KNOW THE RULES

THE MOST DIFFICULT of popular sports for the spectator to score is boxing, which has no goal lines to cross or hoops to put a ball through or any other well-defined means of signifying that thus and so many points have been made. Still, the way to enjoy a fight thoroughly is to keep your own score.

This is a problem in round-by-round judgment, based on keen observation from a good vantage point. It's hard enough to score a fight accurately from ringside, but a fight viewed on television is seen as through a glass darkly. It is not always possible to determine whether a televised punch has landed solidly in a scoring area or has been slipped or blocked. The swarming fighter who throws punches unceasingly but without good aim may land far less frequently than the sharpshooter who blocks, slips and rides away from such flurries. But on TV the swarmer may look wonderful.

For all that, an attentive television watcher can, except in extremely close fights, come near to matching the scoring of honest, competent officials. Here's how:

At the end of each round mark down who you think won it and by how many points, using the scoring system of the state where the bout is being fought (see below). Give credit for clean hits on the front or sides of the body above the belt (except, of course, the shoulders and arms) and none at all for punches on the back, like those you will see when two boxers are locked in close embrace. Give somewhat less credit for aggressiveness

(provided it is effective and not mere theatrics), for defensive work (provided it is not merely passive) and for "ring generalship."

A fighter who backs away constantly but lands sharp jabs and occasional hooks and rights as he retreats is not necessarily unaggressive. If he lands more and better punches than his advancing but missing opponent, give him credit for them and for defensive work and ring generalship as well. On the other hand, the fighter who merely retreats and covers up is not fighting at all. Give his opponent credit for forcing the fight. Generally speaking, the fighter who leads the most and lands the most clean hits wins the round. A knockdown counts heavily—enough to win almost any round.

FOULS AND PENALTIES

A clean hit may be a light jab or a solid, damaging hook. Naturally, the hook counts for much more, though some jabs are real head-snappers. The effectiveness of the blow is what tallies and effectiveness is a matter of where the punch lands and how hard it is delivered. Vital targets are the head, especially jaws and chin, the abdomen just above the belt, and the heart area.

Fouls are usually classified as major and minor. The following list, from the rules of the New York State Athletic Commission, approximates that of most states:

MAJOR FOULS

Hitting an opponent who is down or is rising from down.

Using the knee against the opponent.



HOLDING AND HITTING is a common foul, often is confused with true infighting.



HOLDING OPPONENT'S ARM, a minor foul, often seen on side away from referee.

Purposely going down without being hit.

Failure to heed the referee's warnings concerning low blows or other minor fouls.

Any dangerous or unsportsmanlike conduct in the ring.

MINOR FOULS

Holding an opponent.

Deliberately maintaining a clinch.

Hitting with the inside or butt of the hand, the wrist or the elbow.

Backhand blows.

Low blows.

Hitting or "flicking" with the open gloves.

Wrestling or roughing at the ropes.

Deliberately striking at that part of the body over the kidneys.

Use of a pivot blow or rabbit punch.

Hitting on the break.

Other fouls (holding and hitting, for instance, and deliberate hitting after the bell) are specified in the rule books of other states and implicit in the rules of all. In the case of major fouls the referee is empowered, at his discretion, to award the bout to the offender's opponent. For minor fouls he may warn the boxer and deduct points or he may take away the round, so advising the judges.

The general effect of fouls on scoring is to deduct points but, unless the referee specifically calls for the forfeit of a round because of them, the judge weighs them with only relative gravity. The printed code on fouls is strict but enforcement is loose. There are, in fact, boxers who if deprived of what amounts to their fouling privileges would scarcely know what to do. Rabbit and kidney punches are common, and so are less obvious tricks like thumbing and butting.

SCORING SYSTEMS

There are four principal scoring systems, none perfect.

In New York the winner of the most rounds wins the fight, except in case of a knockout. Only if there is a tie in rounds does the New York official rely on a point system. If a boxer is just "slightly" superior in a round he gets 1 point, if "clearly" superior 2 points, "overwhelmingly" superior 3 points. If a round is very one-sided and, in addition, a boxer scores one or more knockdowns, he gets 4 points. Thus, the winner of a round gets at least 1 point but the loser gets nothing. If, after adding rounds and points, the official finds the bout tied in both, he may award his decision to whichever boxer finished in better physical condition.

Many states use the "10-point must" system, in which an even round gives

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BOXING

continued from page 45

each fighter 10 points. A winner with a slight edge gets 10 points for the round, the loser 9. A wider margin gives the winner 10 points, his opponent 8, and so on. Another 10-point system scores an even round at 5-5 and a slight edge at 6-4. Under these systems the points are totted up at the end of the bout, victory going to the man with the most points.

California uses the 11-point Australian system, which makes it necessary that officials be able to add fractions. An even round is scored at 5½ points for each fighter. The winner of a close round gets 6 points to his opponent's 5, 7 points at 4 when there is a broader advantage, and so on.

KEEP MENTAL SCORE

There are pitfalls in scoring. Many boxers conserve strength by coasting through the first part of a round, then close strong in the hope that judges will forget their early indolence. Others stave off weariness by clinching and, with furious movements of the elbows, strive to give the impression that they are engaged in infighting. This is hard to detect on television but must be watched for with particular care.

Three minutes is a long time, as every fighter knows. During a fast round between evenly matched fighters it is sometimes hard to remember at the end which man won most of the exchanges. A good system is to keep mental score during the round, rating Fighter A 6-4 when he wins an exchange, evening it at 5-5 when Fighter B tops him in return, and so until the bell sounds.

Scoring fights adds sophistication and fun to boxing. It is not an exact science but if you keep score and your neighbor does not you are much more entitled to an opinion when the next day's argument starts. (END)



BUTTING OPPONENT, as man in black trunks is doing, is a foul that causes cuts.

FENCING

by COLES PHINIZY

AMERICA'S DIM HOPES FOR ITS
FIRST OLYMPIC FENCING TITLE
ARE BRIGHTENED CONSIDERABLY
BY TWO DETERMINED NEW BLADES

IN THE 13 modern Olympiads more than 160 gold medals have been won by the men and women fencers of the world. Most of this gold now hangs on the bemedaled chest of great European fencers. No American has ever won, and while there is some hope for an American win at Melbourne in 1956, it is only hope, for from France, Italy, and Hungary the champions keep coming.

In these fencing strongholds of Europe, there is some incentive—good instruction and good competition—for swordsmen of all ages and, for the very best, whopping prestige, free travel, jobs and other privileges. By contrast, swordplay in the U.S.—excluding the improbable antics often seen on the poop decks of Hollywood—is a rather quiet and modest pursuit. Except in Olympic years, there is no money to send an American team to the annual world championships. Even the best Americans are little known, and their rewards are little more than the recreation they can cut from the sport with their own blade. A virtual mantle of obscurity goes with every title.

A NEW "EXPLOSIVE FORCE"

The national saber champion now in obscurity happens to be an appliance salesman who is fairly well known in the flow of air-conditioning units and television sets around Philadelphia and who on the street, with his fencing bag hanging from his 6-foot 4, 210-pound frame, is often mistaken for a viola player. His name is Dick Dyer, and he is worth remembering, since a number of European fencing masters now teaching here consider him the best hope to win the first gold medal in fencing for America in 1956. Dyer, who pulled out of the Penn State football line to give fencing a fling, has acquired more saber finesse in five years than most men do in ten. The exciting quality that the fencing masters see in Dyer's saber tempo can only be fully explained by a fencing master waving both arms; but roughly speaking, the masters see an "explosive force" which was sadly lacking in the cautious, too-nice style of his predecessors.

How much Dyer improves hereafter will depend somewhat on how much

good competition he gets. He is, in any event, likely to stick at the sport because he is now literally married to it. His wife, Louise Dyer, is the country's second-ranking woman fencer. The Dyers met—where else?—at a fencing competition. As Louise Dyer recalls with candor: "I saw this big husky boy bulging out of a fencing jacket half his size, and thought, 'That poor jerk is certainly going to get all cut up.'"

They were married this fall, definitely refusing the offers of fencing friends



FENCERS LOUISE AND DICK DYER

to have crossed swords at the church. "You can imagine," Dyer explains, "after a few drinks at the reception, out come the swords and guests pair off. Pretty soon somebody's eyeball is rolling on the floor."

It is the Dyers' hope, of course, that they will both be on the 1956 team. Dick Dyer's selection is almost certain. His wife's depends on how well she does against the fluctuating competition in tryouts and meets this winter and next June. Expectant mothers are forever leaving the fencing ranks and returning, and the U.S. strength in women's foil rides somewhat on the birthrate in fencing families. Louise Dyer's chances also depend on how much practice she can get now that she has left the good competition in New York, her home, to

live in Philadelphia, where few women fence, and none fences well.

The indifference of anyone to fencing at times grates on Dick Dyer, who cannot understand why the sport rates so poorly. "In Philadelphia," he fuses, "fencing rates the same as court tennis, where somebody runs around a court that cost \$90 million trying to put a ball in a pig sty. In Mexico at the Pan-American Games, even little boys see our fencing bags and know us."

Until such times as women are enticed, or dragged out, to oppose her foil, Louise Dyer will fence the men available. Even this is not altogether simple. In Philadelphia the good instruction and competition lies on the far side of the men's lockers in the fencing room of the University of Pennsylvania, so Louise is led in blindfolded through halls of unclad men. Much of the practice of thrusting and lunging by Louise Dyer, Dick Dyer and a varied throng of students and professional men is against the padded chest of Fencing Master Lajos Csizsar, a short, bushy-browed Hungarian with the soft, kind eyes of a basset hound and the alacrity of a cat.

In the afternoons and into the evenings in the rhythm of the thrusts, lunges, feints, parries, ripostes and counterparries, Csizsar is gently barking, "Lunge! La! Head up like a queen, not a peasant. Lunge! Dance, dance! Be loose like basketball. Dance!" On weekends competitions in foil, épée or saber may go far into the night, the swordsmen impatient to be done with each touch, the judges tired and befuddled. With the bemused look of a Mad Hatter, weary bout directors try to untangle the strokes and tempo of an instant of saber play. A few questionable decisions and a few small fires of rage are lit in sporting souls. The clashes are harder, sparks fly from the blades, and the cuts that earlier were deft and exquisite are now more often bruising swats.

This fervor both cheers and saddens Master Csizsar, whose native Hungary now rules the fencing world. "There can be good fencers in America," notes Csizsar. "They are here in college, but they leave, they get jobs, they get married, they do not come back. It takes the love and confidence Dick Dyer has."

The importance of confidence, Dyer himself acknowledges. "Maybe the European tempo is faster," he observed recently, sizing up his chances, "but I'm not sitting here thinking the Europeans are better. Baron de Coubertin said the important thing is not winning but taking part. Well, that's hogwash. The important thing is to take part and win." (END)

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S BLEND OF CHOICE KENTUCKY BURLEYS IS EXTRA-AGED TO GUARD AGAINST TONGUE BITE. XMAS WRAPPED... IT MAKES A PERFECT GIFT.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; SH—slightly high; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OVG—outlook very good.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Upland land season has thinned ranks of fishermen, but FG in Delta waters, some worthwhile trolling in upper San Pablo Bay, Napa River.

NORTH CAROLINA: Last week's most unusual catch was made by Henry Felton of Norfolk who landed two striped bass, first taken from surf at Nag's Head, north of Oregon Inlet, since 1925.

NEW JERSEY: FP along Jersey coast, as bass have moved off shore and southward, and OF except for occasional flurries through Dec.

STEELHEAD TROUT: OREGON: At press time all coastal streams R, D, fishing almost impossible, OVP if heavy rain continues but clearing weather may change picture rapidly; if rain let up, best bets are Wilson, Trask, Miami, Nestucca, Salmon, Siletz and Alsea rivers; if drizzle continues, try smaller streams such as Neckowis, Beaver, Schomier, Orit, and Mile and Big creeks. Cluster eggs best bet, with red fluorescent yarn producing too.

WASHINGTON: SO Dec. 4 and cold dry weather needed in western Washington to make good opener, as streams too high now. Samish River run has started.

CALIFORNIA: Reins have nudged most of the streams but produced new runs, and OG; best fishing is in upper Klamath, Trinity, lower Klamath and Russian rivers. Last week's top fish were 23½-pounder from Trinity at Burnt Ranch, 15-pounder from Eel, where fly-fishing is fair to good with optic bucktail.

ARIZONA: Columbia: Fish are definitely in the Vancouver Island rivers with several in 15-pound class reported from Campbell and Quinlan rivers; Oyster, Courtenay, Qualicum and French Creek also good bets. On the mainland, Vedder and Absolon should be worthwhile. Most streams in good shape, and OG.

BLACK BASS: CALIFORNIA: Lower Colorado outlook improving as the winds subside; Havasu and Mohave lakes are best bets as 6- to 8-pounders hit brood diving plugs.

MISSOURI: SC Nov. 30 in rivers, but FG in lakes, now C and N, where many good catches are reported on deep-running lures, and OG.

TENNESSEE: At Kentucky Lake last week Dr. Sidney Ballard of Nashville couldn't get anyone to go fishing with him, west out by himself, returned with 10 largemouth bass weighing 48 pounds, all were taken on spinner plugs, FG and improving at Kentucky, Center Hill and Dale Hollow lakes, where some sportsmen combined duck shooting with bass fishing.

FLORIDA: On east coast, dry spell has squeezed the bigmouths into the channels, and heavy catches are reported on deep-running imitation cels, OVG for St. Johns River from Lake Helen Blaine to Sanford through Dec. 15 (but watch for duck hunters, who have killed two fishermen so far this season—one at Lake Talach near Tallahassee, where fly-fishers using poppers and spin-fishermen using top-water lures took eye limits last week, and OG).

LOUISIANA: C. C. Simpkins of Lake Charles went to the Calcasieu River last week, came home with one 5 3/4-pound bass, four ducks and two squirrels. Major Lawrence E. McGee took 7-pounder from New Orleans City Park Legion to prove winter bass season is in full swing.

BONEFISH: SARASOTA ISLANDS: Spy says that the greatest concentration of bonefish in recent years is muddying flats at Andros Island and Sandy Point on Abaco; OG for quantity catches of smallish fish on artificial lures around Bang Bang on Andros and for whoppers on live shrimp at Bimini.

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WE LIKE TO WIN BUT...



DR. McEWEN ENJOYS GAME FROM INAPSPICUOUS SEAT ON THE 10

The president of little Hamilton College had a unique problem this past season: victory. The upstate New York school doesn't enjoy athletic success very often and when it does, it is stigmatized as "big time," much to the embarrassment of its officers and its alumni

by DR. ROBERT W. McEWEN

SATED in the top row of the wooden bleachers—down at about the 30-yard line—I watched a Hobart College halfback score a third and decisive touchdown against Hamilton. Here was no massive concrete stadium, no clash of gridiron All-America, no crowd of tens of thousands. Not even a reserved seat for the president of the home college. This lack of grandeur was not important. What was was the end of Hamilton's five-game winning streak. Despite hard feelings of dismay, my thoughts were tempered somewhat by a realization that winning was making difficulties for the college and for me as its president.

Only two weeks before, I had watched Hamilton win its fourth game of the year by defeating Haverford College, a friendly rival in an intercollegiate football series dating back to 1925. That victory came two days after my return from a speaking engagement at Haverford. While I was there, students and faculty alike had asked me—only half in jest—if an investigation of Hamilton's athletic program was yet under way.

A few days later, our secretary of admissions, Sidney Bennett, returned from a conference of college admissions officers to report such questions as:

"When did Hamilton start lowering admissions standards?"

"Started to build a stadium yet?"

"Did you lower the standards or did you increase the salaries—I mean scholarships?"

The remarks indicate in a small way

the stigma which attaches to a winning football team. Commercialized athletics at "big-time" football colleges and universities have given the public a ready formula to apply: good teams mean bought players.

But Hamilton does not buy players. Hamilton is a small college (633 students) located just outside the village of Clinton, New York. Because it is small, it could not be big time if it wanted to be. This observation is not sour grapes. Most of Hamilton's gate revenue—probably as much as 90%—comes from alumni who live nearby, and there is no large population center at hand to provide the customers to fill a large stadium. If worst should come to worst, our dilemma would not be whether to go big time, but rather whether we could continue to play intercollegiate games as a part of Hamilton's educational program.

A YEAR OLDER

How then does it happen that we had been winning football games? For one thing, we had more depth this year, which is attributable to the fact that last June only two members of the 1954 team were lost through graduation. The result was that Coach Don Jones had much the same team as last year, but it was a year older and more experienced. Then, too, it knew that it had a good chance to win. "We want to win as much as anyone else," Jones has said, "but we can't let this desire become a Frankenstein monster which will get out of hand."

We do not, in short, intend to be trapped in the ceaseless cycle of first trying to find teams to match our players and then trying to find players the next year to match our competition. Our coaches know this and when talking to high school boys who are interested in coming to Hamilton they are acutely conscious of the academic requirements. Jones has said that he has "more concern with college board scores and IQ tests than does half the faculty."

One problem that has proved particularly vexing is scheduling. It is unfair to our students to send them out on the field against competition which we know will result in a lot of injuries. We also know that many people will think of us as being the same kind of college as those we meet in athletic competition. If we are to be so associated, then we want to play colleges which are comparable both athletically and educationally.

But what happens when we start winning? Hamilton faced this situation once before, when we were a small college "power" in one sport. We had one of the first covered hockey rinks of the East, and our hockey team made some headlines. But after the war, most of the small colleges that couldn't or wouldn't go to Canada for their material gave up hockey. Our teams, which are just as good as those we had in years when we were a "power," have difficulty today in even approaching a winning season. We have to have

continued on next page

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HAMILTON COLLEGE

continued from page 19

competition, and today's hockey competition—with few exceptions—is composed of superior talent.

At a Parents' Day luncheon a few years ago, I made the statement that "we do-emphasize intercollegiate athletics at Hamilton." Speaking after me, Max Weber, our director of physical education, gently corrected my remark. "We don't do-emphasize intercollegiate athletics at all—we just put them in their proper place."

We do this by providing for three interlocking programs of physical education and athletics, of which intercollegiate competition is but one. Intramurals constitute a second section, and what we call our individual development program is the third. This latter consists of individual instruction, followed by voluntary participation in a number of different sports of the sort that will be useful in later life (such as golf and tennis). The wide variety of approved sports in the three programs makes it possible all year round for every student to engage in a form of athletics suited to his individual tastes.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

Students participating in intercollegiate athletics have the same privileges and the same responsibilities as all other students. There is discrimination neither in favor of nor against them. All student scholarship aid is handled through the regular faculty scholarship committee and the offices of the secretary of admissions and the dean. We are looking for all-round boys who are more than just all-round athletes. An extensive program of intercollegiate sports—which includes contests in 13 sports—is promoted to enable nearly every student to participate. Annually, better than 50% of the student body engages in some intercollegiate contest.

Hamilton's record of taking students who are academic risks is actually cleaner in athletics than in other fields. Occasionally, on my own initiative, I have taken a "flyer" on a candidate of marginal ability, a student with some promise as a person, but one who is definitely a risk by our academic standards. Never has he been just a promising athlete.

Thus it is that we build a true college team, one of which our alumni can be proud simply because it is genuine. Our boys win, not hired hands. The alumni have been generous in their praise and support of the college (a

majority send their sons here), and they have exerted almost no pressure to change the policy regarding admission of athletes.

When our alumni do start looking over candidates for the college's regional, alumni-picked scholarship recipients, we at the college entertain no thought that the athletic ability of the students is being completely ignored. But our graduates' knowledge of the college is such that we have never been asked to admit any athletic stumble-bums on alumni scholarships. Throughout the history of these regional scholarships, the athletic ability (if any) of the candidates has been, at most, a secondary consideration.

It was only a few years ago, at an after-dinner coffee hour which Mrs. McEwen and I had for a group of students, that a freshman fullback arrived early. I had to be out of the room for a few minutes, and returned to find him absorbed in a volume of the collected poems of T. S. Eliot. This is the sort of diversification of interests which I am proud of in our students.

Yet it is the curse of present-day commercialization of athletics that any college winning games—and I pick that word deliberately—becomes suspect. We are losing the meaning of the word "sport" when a college president feels twinges of worry while watching his team win. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



THIRTY YEARS ago this week Tex Rickard's brave new Madison Square Garden was opened with a six-day bike race, in which Alphonse Goossens (above) and Gerard Debaets won a thrilling victory over Reggie McNamara and Franco Giorgetti. This grueling event, no longer held in New York, was known for its casualties, and Goossens went down in the first spill of the race. Margin of the Belgians' victory was one lap.



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A SPORTING LOOK AT CHRISTMAS

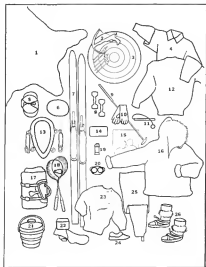
This season provides an irresistible galaxy of Christmas gifts never before available, all designed to make fun more fun. Eighty are on these pages

ONE of the bonuses of the holiday season is the ever-changing, ever-improved collection of sports apparel and equipment that comes to market in time for Christmas giving. This year, when colored ski pants are livening up the slopes, there are new colored skis to match, either rainbow-hued or patterned. One California company has a kit for applying any fabric you fancy

to your old black skis. In the year when Jack Fleck won the U.S. Open and the gallery's heart, the Bull's Eye putter, which he used, has become the most sought-after new putter in the pro shops. Macy's is bringing a sporting air indoors: they've not only employed a taxidermist and will supply you with ready-to-buy animal-skin rugs, but they've also designed a cotton rug

shaped like a baseball, labeled "Dodgers" or "Yankees" or "Giants." The selection of gifts is as varied as sport itself: pink-and-blue bar bells for girls; natural-vision underwater goggles for skin-divers; an aluminum sled that's shaped like a flying saucer; ancient games from Italy; a new boat from Germany. You'll find all of these, and many more, on the following pages.

Most of the new sports gifts on the following four pages are available in fine sporting goods and department stores in all parts of the United States. Where a particular item is not available nationally, a store where it may be purchased is mentioned. Descriptions of the gifts on the opposite page correspond to the numbers in the chart at right: 1) **JAGUAR RUG** in natural animal shape, which measures 5 feet by 3 feet (\$300, Macy's, New York). 2) Pow-R-Mite aluminum **CROSS BOW** and arrows (\$24.95). 3) Sportcraft Tularex **ARCHERY TARGET** (\$6.50). 4) Red poplin **SKI PARKA**, shirt style (\$9.95, Sporthaus, Westwood Village, Calif.). 5) Red **BEERSTALKER CAP** (\$6.50, Thomas Begg, New York). 6) Semi-stiff black velvet **BEAGLE CAP** (\$7.95). 7) Aqua-Glide Fabricant Kit, for laminating patterned fabrics on skis (\$7.95). 8) Healthways **GLAMOURBELLS** with variable weights, for women (\$8.95). 9) **BULL'S EYE PUTTER** by John Reuter Jr. (\$13.50). 10) Henry Cotton leather and nylon **GOLF GLOVE** (\$4). 11) **GOLF SMING WONGER** for practicing rhythmic swing (\$2.95). 12) Robert Bruce Norwegian **SKI SWEATER**, designed by Paul Mage (\$10). 13) **HORSE COLLAR MIRROR** (\$45, H. Kauffman & Sons, New York). 14) Leather **CIGARETTE BOX** with yachting code flags on top (\$17.50). 15) Columbia **RECORD ALBUM**, *The Greatest Moments in Sports* (\$5.95). 16) Sealskin **ESKIMO PARKA** for skiers (\$150 plus tax, André Ski Shop, New York). 17) Saddle-shape **BLURRY CARRIER** (\$9.98 without blanket). 18) Sportcraft aluminum **BAG-NINTON SET** (\$28). 19) Museum-piece **LIGHTER** with hand-carved, colored game birds in the base (\$28.50, Abercrombie & Fitch, New York). 20) U.S. Diver's **AQUA MASK** with Dr. Ivanoff lenses that bring underwater scenery to true values and proportions (\$45). 21) N'Tee **ICE SUITCASE** in wicker carrier (\$15.95). 22) **ELECTRIC SOCKS** to keep feet warm; battery carrier is to be worn on belt (\$17.95). 23) Swedish hand-knit no-shed **ANGORA SWEATER** for women (\$29.95). 24) Pink **SUEDE BOOTS** by Gustave (\$6). 25) Eurocraft pin-striped nylon **SKI PANTS** for women, stretch to any length (\$50). 26) Eskimo **MUKLUK BOOTS**, for after-ski (\$35, André Ski Shop). If you can't locate these gifts in your local store, write us and we will tell you where you can buy them.







FOR SKATERS AND SKIERS

Reading clockwise from the upper left: Cortina's new **FIBERGLAS SKI POLES** (\$14.95); imported **Sopel SKI SWEATER** (\$22.50); reversible wool jersey **SKATING SEPARATES** (jacket, \$17.95, skirt, \$16.95, vest, \$16.95, hood, \$6.95, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores); aluminum **SNOW COASTER** (\$4.95); hand-crocheted bulky **MAN'S SWEATER** (\$65, Gosselli Men's Shop, New York); men's wool gabardine **SKI KNICKERS** (\$26.50) and untreated-wool **SKI SOCKS** (\$10.50); fleece-lined leather

ONE-FINGER MITTS (\$8.50); made-to-measure elastic **SKI COVERALL** for women (\$79.50) and double parka of red-and-white striped nylon (\$29.50, both, Andee Ski Shop, New York); crazy-leg **KNIE SOCKS** (\$1.95); Eurocraft's corduroy **KNICKERS** for women (\$17.95) and Tyrolean washable **CALFERN JACKET** (\$30); blue **CORTINA SKI** with Fiberglas thread reinforcement (\$79.95); coral **HART SKI** of metal and plastic (\$35); snow-bunny **SKI HELMET** (\$6.95, William J., New York).



FOR LOVERS OF GAMES

Heading down, in rows, after starting at the upper left, are: junior FENCING SET (\$9); table TENNIS-BALL SET (\$9); child collector's BUTTERFLY KIT (\$7.50); cotton bag BASEBALL RUG, 3 feet in diameter with choice of New York team names—Dodgers, Giants, Yankees, also Little League (\$11.98, Macy's, New York); Sportcraft OLYMPIC RINGS (\$2.80); Sportcraft aluminum SHUFFLEBOARD SET with unbreakable plastic discs (\$18.50); junior Italian GOGGLE SET (\$8); Vest HICKORY

SET with football and rubber toe (\$4.95); Sportcraft **LAZY BASEBALL**, attached to elastic cord, and child-size bat' (\$4); **BACHMAYR BASKETBALL SET** with all-weather plastic-covered backboard and adjustable bracket (\$24.95); and **LITTLE NID BASKETBALL**, molded of rubber and fabric on small scale for youngsters (\$7.95); imported Italian **TAMBURELLI SET** with ball and plastic shuttlecock (\$9.60); **MANJONG SET** with oversize pink tiles and leatherette case (\$54.50, Macy's, New York).

HORSES

continued from page 21

all but forgotten until, at year's end, one suddenly discovers many accredited champions just waiting to be crowned. The naming of these champions this week by some of the sport's most proficient and knowing observers was, however, no simple task. The voters did not allow themselves to be swayed purely by figures of victories and purses. If they did they would not have selected the King Ranch's High Gun (the 3-year-old champion of 1954) as the leading handicap horse of 1955. High Gun, astutely trained by Max Hirsch, won in fact only three of his seven races this year, but the deciding factor in his favor was undoubtedly that in one of these performances, the Sysonby, he gave Nashua five pounds and then proceeded to fly from dead last to win a head decision over Jet Action in the very last stride—with Nashua another three and a half

lengths behind. Runners-up to High Gun were Helioscope, who twice defeated the King Ranch color-bearer, and Social Outcast, a sort of modern-day Exterminator, who managed during the course of a highly successful season to face the starter 22 times. He won eight and picked up earnings of \$390,775.

If there was any outright confusion at the polls, it appeared to have centered over the selection of the year's top 2-year-old colt. And here again, with their minds on performance rather than earnings, the experts swung to Needles, the Florida-bred son of Ponder who won six races and \$129,805. His closest competitor was Career Boy, while behind these two came the Garden State winner Prince John, the Futurity winner Nail and Swoon's Son, the sensation of the Chicago season. They all had moments of brilliance this year. Needles, Prince John and Nail are all being pointed for the Flamingo at Hialeah and the Florida

Derby at Gulfstream, and from their winter competition one may emerge with a decisive edge on form when the new 3-year-olds are asked to extend themselves to the full mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance.

The distaff side of racing, unfortunately, seldom receives the recognition that comes to the colts. This year the top honors went to a 3-year-old daughter of Princequillo. Misty Morn was not only chosen best in her own division over High Voltage but also the leading handicap filly or mare over Parlo. Misty Morn, who, like Nashua, is trained by 81-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, may be another good example of a champion being selected by virtue of a sensational performance in one particular race. And, as in the case of High Gun impressing the voters in his last start, Misty Morn made the last of her 22 outings of the year one of the season's great highlights. In the mile-and-five-eighths Gallant Fox Handicap at Jamaica she defeated

1955 AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED RACING CHAMPIONS

For the last 20 years the editors, correspondents, handicappers, clerks and trackmen of *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* have voted awards to the top performers on U.S. race tracks. Herewith, a specially prepared summary of the views of this year's qualified voting group—33 experts stationed at race tracks from coast to coast—who cast their ballots on a 5-3-1 point system.

2-YEAR-OLD COLT OR GELING

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
NEEDLES	87	6	\$129,805
CAREER BOY	55	5	118,424
PRINCE JOHN	47	3	212,818
NAIL	39	5	239,930
SWOON'S SON	35	7	236,705
GETTHER JACK	1	8	56,175

2-YEAR-OLD FILLY

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
DOUBLEDOSORE	115	6	\$127,689
NASHUA	91	3	152,625
CARK CHARGER	32	8	48,380
MISS TODD	19	7	71,585
COSMAN	4	5	57,295
JUDY RULLAN	3	4	73,260

3-YEAR-OLD COLT OR GELING

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
NASHUA	153	10	\$752,550
SWAPS	78	8	418,580
TRAFFIC JUDGE	28	7	226,164
SARATOGA	3	5	164,950
SUMMER TAN	2	1	35,400

3-YEAR-OLD FILLY

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
MISTY MORN	132	9	\$201,850
HIGH VOLTAGE	98	6	179,985
SEARCHING	9	11	69,700
RARE TREAT	9	8	72,750
MANOTICK	8	3	97,350
LALUN	5	4	106,275
GANDHARVA	2	6	63,500
BLUE SPARKLER	1	3	36,325

HANDICAP FILLY OR MARE

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
MISTY MORN	95	9	\$201,850
PARLO	81	2	133,300
HIGH VOLTAGE	31	6	179,985
OIL PAINTING	27	7	89,300
MIZ CLEMENTINE	22	1	63,400
SEARCHING	5	11	69,700
GANDHARVA	1	6	63,500
MANOTICK	1	3	97,350
BLUE BUTTERFLY	1	2	47,600

GRASS HORSE

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
ST. VINCENT	101	5	\$132,825
BLUE CHOR	85	6	186,095
SWAPS	25	8	418,580
STAN	19	2	47,725
PLATAN	11	3	151,415
TRAFFIC JUDGE	7	7	226,164
ALIDON	3	6	176,505
COUNTY CLARE	3	4	47,300
AESCHYLUS	3	4	33,690
DUKE'S LEA	2	3	88,125
DETERMINE	2	4	218,225
PRINCE HILL	1	5	70,525
BRUSH BURN	1	3	17,990
SOCIAL OUTCAST	1	8	390,775

proven distance runners and broke—by two fifths of a second—the track record held jointly by such notable performers as Stymlie and Counterpoint. The leading 2-year-old filly was Doubledogdare, a bay daughter of Double Jay who annexed, among her six victories, one division of the National Stallion Stakes, the Colleen, the Matron and the Alibiades. Her only close competitor in the voting was Nasrina, who accounted for the world's richest juvenile filly stakes, the Gardenia, at Garden State.

Honors came to other horses too. The champion grass runner was the English-bred 4-year-old gelding St. Vincent, who last winter at Santa Anita took distance triumphs in both the San Gabriel and the San Juan Capistrano.

The sprinter title was awarded to another successful California campaigner, the 5-year-old Berseem, who, although only raced 10 times, won four of those starts in good times (six furlongs in 1:06¹/₂) or better on three occasions with little trouble. His runner-up was Swags,

who, before the ill-fated journey to Washington Park, had set a world record of 1:40¹/₂ for a mile and a sixteenth at Hollywood Park. With the steeplechasers it was a landslide vote for Neji (SI, Nov. 14), the Temple Gwathmey and Grand National winner who runs for Mrs. Ogden Phipps and is trained by her brother, G. H. (Pete) Boatwick.

As the racing year of 1955 ran its course before enthusiastic audiences who bet more money than ever before (see *improving and attendance charts below*), the prospects for 1956 were good. Track management everywhere is busy improving facilities with which to attract even larger crowds next year. And whether or not the champions of 1955 return to defend their laurels (only one of them, High Gun, has definitely retired from racing), the history of horse racing shows there have always been new champions to crown. New champions, like old ones, will keep the excitement alive. **END**

SPRINTER

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
BIRSEEM	61	4	\$55,550
SWAGS	35	8	\$18,550
SAILOR	34	8	\$18,175
NANCE'S LAD	29	8	\$14,625
HELIOSCOPE	26	6	\$25,500
BOBBY BROCATO	22	4	\$21,625
STAR ROVER	18	10	\$8,975
JET ACTION	8	3	\$15,375
WHITE SKIES	6	0	\$5,000
SWOON'S SON	5	7	\$26,705
DUC DE FER	4	3	\$8,525
NASHUA	3	10	\$52,550
INTRODS	3	1	\$20,250
EL DRAG	2	4	\$8,500
MISTER GUS	2	3	\$69,100
RED HANNIGAN	2	2	\$8,700
BOSTON DOGE	2	6	\$9,950
SQUARED AWAY	1	4	\$3,075
I APPEAL	1	5	\$1,450

STEEPLECHASER

NAME	POINTS	1955 WINS	1955 EARNINGS
NEJI	161	5	\$31,465
RYTHBARR	49	4	\$1,800
SHIPPINHIN	39	5	\$43,130
KING COMMANDER	13	1	\$1,100
ANCESTOR	2	4	\$4,240

BETTING WAS AT A NEW HIGH; ATTENDANCE WAS OFF A BIT

	1954	1955
State		
Ill.	286	\$20,715,545
N.Y.	105	\$20,931,930
New Jersey	105	\$74,217,406
Michigan	94	\$99,270,000
Florida	130	\$14,786,914
Ohio	150	\$13,047,713
Pa.	190	\$17,546,846
Calif.	173	\$8,031,451
Michigan	108	\$1,361,894
Wash. D.C.	250	\$2,475,050
Massachusetts	64	\$6,879,362
Delaware	67	\$6,187,754
N. Hampshire	54	\$6,161,767
Connecticut	21	\$6,303,678
Indiana	63	\$6,441,400
Nevada	10	\$26,220,751
Washington	87	\$7,460,012
Alaska	31	\$4,119,421
Colorado	59	\$1,511,738
New Mexico	76	\$6,956,990
Arizona	120	\$5,786,812
Utah	62	\$7,142,742
Oregon	71	\$4,758,085
British Columbia	46	\$7,284,107
Total	2,944	\$2,068,628,142

*Estimated racing and betting for season. *Estimated. *Unrecorded.

(All figures in kg.)

	1954	1955
State		
New York	865	\$1,803,830
California	759	\$2,843,180
New Jersey	250	\$2,278,111
Illinois	296	\$16,479,132
Florida	110	\$1,446,618
Washington	190	\$18,321,812
Ohio	271	\$18,714,766
Massachusetts	64	\$6,782,366
Michigan	114	\$6,785,948
New England	224	\$6,776,710
Massachusetts	57	\$5,626,652
Delaware	67	\$6,261,581
New Hampshire	54	\$7,015,603
Connecticut	22	\$7,417,418
Louisiana	83	\$5,219,478
Alaska	102	\$7,515,340
Washington	87	\$7,086,482
Michigan	21	\$4,456,467
California	40	\$1,429,846
Arizona	111	\$61,348
New Mexico	72	\$4,673,945
Oregon	91	\$4,676,576
Utah	44	\$2,395,380
South Dakota	38	\$22,329
Total	2,813	\$2,866,756,501

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FOOTBALL

AMBUSH IN THE COLISEUM

by JAMES MURRAY

IN the fourth quarter when it became all too apparent the Irish jig was up and the score was mounting by the minute, the priest sitting in tunnel four turned to his sport-jacketed companion. "John," he asked sternly, "didn't you go to Mass this morning?"

For the Irish sidewalk alumni from coast to coast and the Cadillac alumni high in the stands of the Los Angeles Coliseum, the good father's jest was no laughing matter. Down on the field, a Notre Dame team was being licked as only five Notre Dame teams in history have been licked, by a team scoring more than 40 points. And this Irish team which USC was trouncing 42-20 was no weak, wartime squad but a proud, hard-running set which had lost only one other game this year.

Coach Terry Brennan had tried to sound sincere in his pregame warnings that SC would be tough, but the experts put this down to a Leahy legacy of never admitting you might make a first down. When the Irish team romped on the field in their gaudy Kelly-green jerseys, Irish hearts were happy from end zone to end zone. The impromptu Irish rooting section even taunted the SC Trojans to "line up on side for a chance."

The Trojans left the laugh rattling in their throats when Jon Arnett came within a shirttail—the one a prone lineman grabbed—of running the kick-off back for a touchdown. The Trojans proceeded to grind downfield 68 yards in 11 plays for the day's first of nine touchdowns. There were so many green jerseys splattered on the field by Trojan blocking that at times the line of scrimmage looked like a tossed salad. But not even when the score was 21-7 were Notre Dame men really worried. The Irish quarterback, Paul Hornung, gave evidence of being more than a match for the Trojans all by himself. With only a minute to go till half time, the Trojans let an Irish pass receiver get behind them, and Hornung almost laughed as he threw the ball over their heads for a touchdown.

But the second half was probably the blackest 30 minutes in Notre Dame football since the Blanchard and Davis holocausts for Army during the war years. The crowd couldn't have been more shocked if the Christians had

started to eat the lions. Astute observers knew Southern California had the material to give any team in the country a pasting—but it had never had the direction a young Pennsylvania quarterback with the unfootbalish name of Ellsworth Kissing supplied in this game. And a stampeding John Henry of a fullback, C. R. Roberts, as reckless as a runaway steer, jeered at puny Notre Dame efforts to stop him. "Just give Roberts the ball and get out of his way," implored one hatless, tieless, perspiring rooter at one crucial point. Kissing usually obliged and Roberts stampeded for 13.42 yards per carry.

By no means did Notre Dame play as badly as the score indicates, but Notre Dame was not the superbly prepared crew Frank Leahy used to bring to the coliseum either. When the score was 21-20 in favor of SC, Hornung incredibly let Jon Arnett, who should have been the most marked man on the field, get behind him. Quarterback Jim Contratto hit Arnett with a 64-yard touchdown pass to make the score 28-20 and put the overalls in the chowder for good. Thereafter, Trojans intercepted Hornung passes as though they were intended for them, as, indeed, some of them looked. They converted interceptions into touchdowns so fast the game abruptly became the rout that was flashed to the shocked sports world. Notre Dame racked up a thumping 521 yards and 18 first downs but mostly it was just good exercise for them.

In the dressing room, Father Theodore Hesburgh, Notre Dame president, smilingly congratulated Coach Jess Hill, who was in tears when his team carried him on their shoulders to confront the rooting section in the gathering darkness. Before the game, the wags had cracked: "SC has nothing to lose but its coach." And after the game, Irish Coach Terry Brennan grinned broadly as he cracked: "I guess this makes us nice guys."

It was probably SC's finest win of the tradition-studded series. This was small comfort for one Irish rooter as he stood outside the coliseum after the game and listened to his wife, who observed: "I'm sure the Southern California boys are a lot of fine, clean young men." "That they are," assented her husband gravely. "And I'll tell you something else—they block very well, too." (K.M.R.)

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ARTISTS AND SPORTS

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SPORT, the great common denominator, has long affected the lives and works of men. Emperors have enjoyed the companionship of their huntsmen in the chase, and intellectuals have found in competitive events a common language with the man in the street. In fine arts, too, the pursuit of sport has served as a blending agent of creative imagination and popular appeal, and with this premise SI has assembled, in cooperation with the American Federation of Arts, a *SPORT IN ART* collection of top-rank works that will be exhibited in museums throughout the country during this coming Olympic year. On these pages

are selections from the show, which is now at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The 102 paintings, drawings, and prints in the exhibit range from a Goya etching to semi-abstracts of today. In subject they range from highly organized sports like boxing to the completely relaxed pastime of fishing. Many of the artists have themselves been men of action. Vlaminck (opposite page) was once a professional bicycle racer, the late George Bellows was a semipro baseball player, Goya was once a bullfighter's assistant. Common to them all is love of sports, the inspiration which impelled each, in his own fashion, to creation.



"PLENTER BEACH" BY GEORGE BELLOW



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YESTERDAY



LONELIEST MAN ON THE FIELD IS RIGHT GUARD RICKETSON MIDWAY ON HIS 50-YARD RUN FOR A

MORRISON'S

by FRED RUSSELL

Sports Editor, *Nashville Banner*; winner, 1955 (first) *Grantland Rice Award*

WHEN Ray Morrison, one of football's greatest razzle-dazzlers, was coaching the Southern Methodist Mustangs in the early '30s, his aerial magic dominated the Southwest Conference. But it was after he had returned to his alma mater, Vanderbilt, to coach in 1935 that he pulled off possibly his most confounding and slickest stratagem: a hidden ball play. It was a trick that lives in gridiron history. To this day not more than a handful of the 20,000 spectators who saw it knows how the trick worked that won for Vanderbilt an upset victory over the Tigers of Louisiana State, 7-6 in Nashville, Tenn., October 23, 1937.

Before the game was three minutes old, Vanderbilt had the ball at mid-field, second down and four yards to go. In the huddle, the signal-caller, Jimmy Huggins, bent over and spoke two words: "Henry Frnka."

As on the previous play Vanderbilt lined up in the T. Dutch Reinschmidt, playing the T-quarterback position, took the ball, spun and headed for a wide left-end sweep, preceded by a swarm of Commodores. It appeared the ball carrier would be hurled for a loss of at least 10 yards.

But what was this? Down on the LSU 25-yard line a man in black pants

and gold jersey, neck bowed resolutely and unmistakably carrying the ball, hurried toward the goal in huge strides. There wasn't an LSU player within 25 yards of him. The crowd sighted him and awoke to what he would be, a sure touchdown-maker, but not until he had already traveled half his route. And, but for the thunderous roar of amazement, LSU wouldn't have spotted the ball carrier, Right Guard Greer Ricketson, even then.

The public sought vainly for an explanation. Vanderbilt players weren't talking. Coach Morrison was confronted with a sportswriter's diagram. Was that how the stunt came off? He replied "no," but was otherwise mum. Vanderbilt obviously meant to use the device again—and did.

Henry Frnka, the pronunciation of whose name (franka) was the sign to flash the hidden ball maneuver, was Morrison's end coach. Four years before, his Greenville, Texas high school team had used the same sleight of hand to win the state championship. Frnka, later to become head coach at Tulsa and Tulane, suggested it the week of the 1937 LSU game. He found a ready audience in Morrison.

Many years later, Ricketson explained the trick. "When Reinschmidt took the ball from center," he said, "he quickly placed it on the ground behind our left offensive guard, Bill Hays. I pulled out as if to join the interference.



TOUCHDOWN IN MORRISON'S 1937 TRICK PLAY

MAGIC

Just as I got behind Hays, I tripped—accidentally on purpose—over him. He was squatting over the ball by then like a hen hatching an egg.

"In a moment I picked up the ball and simply ran down the right side of the field. I was afraid I'd be tackled any instant. Another thing I remember is that I thought I'd probably stub my toe before I reached the end zone."

Alabama beat Vanderbilt 9-7 on Thanksgiving Day and was rewarded with an invitation to the 1938 Rose Bowl Game against California. By the most ironical chance, it was the hidden ball play, backfiring with Alabama spotting the exposed ball, recovering and scoring immediately, which prevented Morrison's magicians from being invited to the New Year's Day football game in Pasadena. (END)



REINSCHMIDT (A) placed ball behind squatting Hays (B), ran left. Ricketson (C) pulled out (dotted line), took ball, ran.

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COMING EVENTS

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December 2 through December 11

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2

Boxing

Marlboro Beach Open, Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Oregon vs. Oregon State, Eugene, Ore.
- Brigham Young vs. UCLA, Provo, Utah.
- (Professionals)
- Boston vs. St. Louis, Boston.

Boxing

- Isaac Lopez vs. Virgil Atkins, welterweights, Mad.
- Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

Boxing

Michigan Open tournament, Detroit.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Brigham Young vs. UCLA, Provo, Utah.
- Iowa vs. Nebraska, Iowa City, 2 p.m., C.S.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Iowa's Carl Case (21) & Nebraska's Rex Dwyer (20).
- Louisiana State vs. Kentucky, Baton Rouge, La.
- Nirvana vs. Fordham, Memorial Aud., Buffalo, N.Y.
- North Carolina vs. Clemson, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- San Francisco vs. S. California, San Francisco.
- Texas Christian vs. Texas Tech, Fort Worth.
- W. Kentucky vs. Alabama, Louisville, Ky. (Professionals)
- Rochester vs. St. Louis, Rochester.
- New York vs. Philadelphia, New York.
- Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse.

Baseball

- Chicago Interscholastic all-star game, Soldier Field, Chicago, 1-15 p.m. C.S.T. (Mutual*).
- Duke vs. North Carolina, Durham, N.C., 1-15 p.m. (NBC). Men to watch: Duke's Bryant Aldridge (37) & North Carolina's Ed Seltzer (30).
- Houston vs. Wyoming, Houston.
- Tampa vs. Florida State, Tampa, Fla. (N).
- San Angelo (Texas) J. C. vs. Sunflower (Miss.) J.C., Hospitality Bowl, Gulfport, Miss.

Hockey

Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.

Horse Racing

- California Derby, \$30,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, San Bruno, Calif.
- Gallierette, \$15,000, 1 1/4 m., fillies & mares, 3-yr.-olds up, Pimlico, Baltimore.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

Baseball

(Professionals)

- Fort Wayne vs. Boston, Fort Wayne.
- Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis.
- Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester.

Baseball

Rhode Island vs. Jacksonville (Ala.) State, Reingerator Bowl, Evansville, Ind.

(Professionals)

- Detroit vs. Chicago Bears, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC-TV*; Mutual-radio*).
- Los Angeles vs. Baltimore, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*
- Philadelphia vs. Chicago Cards, Philadelphia, 2:05 p.m.*
- Pittsburgh vs. Cleveland, Pittsburgh, 2:05 p.m.*
- San Francisco vs. Green Bay, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*
- Washington vs. New York, Washington, D.C., 2:05 p.m.*

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.

New York vs. Detroit, New York.

Track

Pacific Assn. Jr. & Sr. cross-country championships, San Francisco.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

Auto Racing

Bahamas Speed Week, Nassau, Bahamas (until Dec. 11).

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Kansas vs. Northwestern, Lawrence, Kan.
- Oklahoma vs. Baylor, Norman, Okla.

Boxing

- Ray Drake vs. Peter Müller, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Wake Forest vs. North Carolina State, Wake Forest, N.C.
- West Virginia vs. Furman, Morgantown, W. Va. (Professionals)
- New York vs. Rochester & Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, New York
- St. Louis vs. Boston & Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse, St. Louis.

Boxing

- Dan Dowd vs. Jake Tull, flyweights (10 rds.), London

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Villanova vs. St. Francis (Pa.), Pa., Philadelphia.
- Wichita vs. Kansas, Wichita.
- (Professionals)
- Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester.

Boxing

- Bob Baker vs. Nino Valdes, heavyweights, Cleveland Arena (10 rds.), (ABC-TV 10 p.m.; radio 10-15 p.m.).

Figure Skating

British Championships, London.

Hockey

New York vs. Toronto, New York.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Seattle vs. Santa Clara, Seattle.
- Seton Hall vs. W. Kentucky, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
- (Professionals)
- Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse, Fort Wayne.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.

Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

Tennis

Roll, Hardcourt championships, La Jolla, Calif. (until Dec. 11).

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

Auto Racing

Governor's Trophy race, 100 m., Nassau, Bahamas.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Birmingham Classic tournament, Birmingham, Ala. Teams entered: Texas Christian, Alabama, Houston, West Virginia (also Dec. 10).
- Steel Bowl Tournament, Pittsburgh. Teams entered: Duquesne, Pittsburgh, Geneva, Westminster (also Dec. 10).
- Iowa vs. SMU, Iowa City, Iowa.
- Seattle vs. Santa Clara, Seattle.
- UCLA vs. Denver, Los Angeles.
- St. Joseph's vs. Geo. Washington & Villanova vs. Niagara, Pa., Philadelphia.
- (Professionals)
- Philadelphia vs. Syracuse & Rochester vs. Boston, Philadelphia.

Bowling

BPAA 43-Str Tournament, Chicago Coliseum (until Dec. 13).

Boxing

- Carl (Bobo) Dixon vs. Sugar Ray Robinson, world middleweight title, Chicago Stadium (15 rds.), 9 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, St. Louis.

Tennis

Opening of World Professional Tour, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

Baseball

Asian amateur championships, Manila.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

- Cincinnati vs. W. Kentucky, Cincinnati.
- Kansas vs. Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Kansas' Dallas Debbas (13) & Wisconsin's Dick Miller (22).
- La Salle vs. Niagara & Penn vs. Navy, Pa., Philadelphia.
- Minnesota vs. SMU, Minneapolis.
- Northwestern vs. Notre Dame, Evanston, Ill.
- St. John's vs. St. Louis, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
- Syracuse vs. Fordham, Syracuse, N.Y.
- UCLA vs. Purdue, Los Angeles.
- Yale vs. Holy Cross, New Haven, Conn. (Professionals)
- Minneapolis vs. Boston, Boston Garden, 3 p.m. (NBC*).
- Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, Rochester.

Baseball

- Junior River Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.
- Presbyterian Parochial School (Denver) vs. Oak Cliff (Dallas), Nisk Bowl, San Antonio, Texas.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Bruno Stakes, \$20,000, 1 m. 70 yds., 2-yr.-olds, Tanforan, San Bruno, Calif.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. race, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

Nassau Trophy Race, 200 m., Nassau, Bahamas.

Baseball

(Professionals)

- Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse.
- Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Philadelphia.
- Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.
- Rochester vs. St. Louis, Rochester.

Baseball

- Chicago Bears vs. Philadelphia, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC*).
- San Francisco vs. Baltimore, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*
- Cleveland vs. Chicago Cards, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*
- Los Angeles vs. Green Bay, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*
- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit, 2:05 p.m.*
- Washington vs. Pittsburgh, Washington, 2:05 p.m.*

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Tennis

World Professional Tour, Cincinnati.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10—Mutual; 14, 15—downs by Alvin; 24, 25—by Paul; 28, 29—by Kasper; 30—by Linc; 31, 32—downs by Alvin; 33—downs by Alvin; 34—downs by Alvin; 35—downs by Alvin; 36—downs by Alvin; 37—downs by Alvin; 38—downs by Alvin; 39—downs by Alvin; 40—downs by Alvin; 41—downs by Alvin; 42—downs by Alvin; 43—downs by Alvin; 44—downs by Alvin; 45—downs by Alvin; 46—downs by Alvin; 47—downs by Alvin; 48—downs by Alvin; 49—downs by Alvin; 50—downs by Alvin; 51—downs by Alvin; 52—downs by Alvin; 53—downs by Alvin; 54—downs by Alvin; 55—downs by Alvin; 56—downs by Alvin; 57—downs by Alvin; 58—downs by Alvin; 59—downs by Alvin; 60—downs by Alvin; 61—downs by Alvin; 62—downs by Alvin; 63—downs by Alvin; 64—downs by Alvin; 65—downs by Alvin; 66—downs by Alvin; 67—downs by Alvin; 68—downs by Alvin; 69—downs by Alvin; 70—downs by Alvin; 71—downs by Alvin; 72—downs by Alvin; 73—downs by Alvin; 74—downs by Alvin; 75—downs by Alvin; 76—downs by Alvin; 77—downs by Alvin; 78—downs by Alvin; 79—downs by Alvin; 80—downs by Alvin; 81—downs by Alvin; 82—downs by Alvin; 83—downs by Alvin; 84—downs by Alvin; 85—downs by Alvin; 86—downs by Alvin; 87—downs by Alvin; 88—downs by Alvin; 89—downs by Alvin; 90—downs by Alvin; 91—downs by Alvin; 92—downs by Alvin; 93—downs by Alvin; 94—downs by Alvin; 95—downs by Alvin; 96—downs by Alvin; 97—downs by Alvin; 98—downs by Alvin; 99—downs by Alvin; 100—downs by Alvin.

YOU CAN'T STOCKPILE DEER

Sirs:

My congratulations on your progressive deer management article *To Save the Herd: Shoot More Deer* (SI, Nov. 21). If game and fish departments are ever relieved from political influences and uninformed "pressures," then they may be able to start fulfilling their true purpose. That goal should be to provide as much hunting and fishing as is humanly possible without hurting the basic breeding stocks.

Theodore Roosevelt's definition of the word "conservation" included the idea of "wise use." He looked on game and fish as renewable resources to be harvested scientifically.

We'll have to realize that wildlife must be used as it is produced—it can't be stockpiled like butter!

JACK D. REMINGTON

Colorado Game & Fish Commission
Denver

TO BE INFORMED

Sirs:

Be you an experienced trophy hunter of deer or just a weekend shot for the sport of it, this article is truly one of the most informative stories I've read in SI. Hats off to you.

EUGENE A. PETERSEN

Sioux City, Iowa

CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

Sirs:

The deer article by Ed Zern and Reginald Wells will do more damage to our dwindling deer herds, especially here in the eastern states, than anything I have read for a long time. . . .

"Experts" seem to think that they have discovered some magic formula that will allow indiscriminate killing of doe and fawn deer and still keep enough breeding stock to insure decent hunting conditions in the coming years. Brother, it just isn't so. If the sportsmen of the United States don't wake up and stop these experimenters soon, we will be right back where we were 40 or 50 years ago. It is an undisputed fact that unlimited killing of deer back in the old days led to the virtual extinction of this great animal in most of the U.S.—and it can happen again. . . .

WALTER CURNUTTE

Riversville, W. Va.

WE MAKE GREAT JUMPS

Sirs:

We are a huck law state—and proud of it. When the time comes that we need red reduction we'll know it. We won't need slanted opinions and confused mathematics to provide the answers either. When *Management* says we will be exhibiting hunting as an example of deer damage we know that biology has reached a new low. We have been threatened by these "starvation" fables for years—and you should see the punctured windpipes of some of those supposedly starved deer. We have the greatest herd in the New England area, excluding Maine, and our deer are fat, healthy and

agile. We still get an abundance of twin fawns from healthy does. Year after year we make great jumps in our total kill of bucks—and we are still far from the saturation point in deer population, and we still have plenty of feed for them in spite of unrealistic surveys. . . .

You say the management idea is a "brutally practical" thing. You are half right. It is brutal. It is as practical as a fur coat in a jungle swamp. . . .

PERK ANGIN

Barre, Vermont

IT'S A PLEASURE

Sirs:

It is a pleasure for this hunter to see that at long last someone has taken the initiative in trying to educate the people in this country to the fact that we have too many deer. If we are going to solve this problem we will have to have a doe and buck season in these overpopulated areas. I also hope that people will get over the idea that it is "unsportsmanlike" to shoot female deer.

Such an article as this does the entire country a very valuable service. As a hunter and sportsman I can't thank you enough.

W. H. ESHRAUGH III

Ithaca, N.Y.

BARBETTRY AND BALDORIAN

Sirs:

The principal danger that SI faces, in my opinion, is that of falling into a philosophy of sports fully as Babbittous as anything the Lynds found in Middletown. . . . I refer particularly to your November 21 E & D editorial on Vehlen.

Now the fact is that football (and I have played it somewhat better than average) is a dull game as compared to soccer (which I have also played) and to Rugby (which I have only watched). The hall is actually in motion a very small part of the official playing time. The game places an overwhelming importance on size, and the opportunity for any individual initiative is

sharply delimited except to the backs, in comparison with either of the other games. And there is not nearly the opportunity for the fortunes of the game to shift as swiftly as they do in soccer and Rugby. . . .

As for hunting, I don't know how any reasonable man can argue that hunting is a sport or, if it is a sport, that it is an ennobling sport. . . . The concept of hunting as a sport leads to such twisted logic as your article on deer. Your statements with respect to the need for the reduction of herd (SI, Nov. 21) may be perfectly correct, yet I am sure that no shot deer feels that he has been done a service, nor does any hunter announce to his family as he sets off, "I am going off to do the deer herd a service." The purpose, in short, is not to enrich and ennoble the deer herd but to provide healthy game to be shot. . . .

The series of sportsmen's codes, which are an abomination on clear thinking, is a reflection of mediocrity which has no place in today's world. I don't know that Albert Einstein or Enrico Fermi or Thomas Edison or Henry Ford ever bothered to learn any of this balderdash.

D. L. STOFFLE

Palo Alto, Calif.

JUST THE FACTS, PLEASE

Sirs:

You say in *A Mountaineer Dreams Is Over* (SI, Nov. 21): "Then suddenly Coach Art Lewis frowned, looked around wildly, took four quick steps to a nearby goal post and knocked soundly on wood. . . . He was taking no chances of affronting his muse. He was wearing the same frayed brown suit. . . . In his wallet was a tarnished half dollar that carried its own spell," etc., etc. . . . (Shades of Vehlen!)

If Lewis' actions are not an expression of the "boyish temperament," of the "rehabilitation of the early barbarian temperament" ("Football and Vehlen," E & D, Nov. 21), then what are they?

continued on next page





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1544
HOLE

continued from page 67

Please, sir, just relate the exploits of our virile heroes, no philosophy. Us boys like your archaic magazine just as it is.

CLEMENT T. MCGUIRE
 Sunnyvale, Calif.

■ SI's point on Veblen was that this humorless advocate of austerity and utilitarianism "could write an entire chapter on sports without ever thinking of the word 'fun.'" While sports may at one time have been the prerogative of a "predatory and archaic leisure class," today it has become, as President Eisenhower said the other day, "the great common denominator." And only last month Pope Pius, in considering the widespread interest in sports as one of the "phenomena of modern society," compared the ideal goal of an athlete to the "power and harmony, order and beauty, effort and victory and renown of achieving a record" attained by the architects of St. Peter's. As to which sport is the most fun—football, hunting, soccer, Rugby or hero worship—in the Wonderful World of Sport, that is the privilege of everyone to decide for himself.—ED.

MY VOTE ..

Sir:

My vote for Sportsman of the Year—Juan Manuel Fangio.

DAVID R. CONDER

Vancouver, B.C.

I NOMINATE...

Sir:

... A man who can stand unflinchingly beside SI's last-year choice of Roger Bannister, without fear of comparison insofar as accomplishment, self-sacrifice, perseverance, humility and all-round universal appeal are concerned. I refer simply to the strongest man on earth and quite possibly the strongest man that ever walked the face of the earth. Weight Lifter Paul Anderson.

R. D. MYERS

Chattanooga

MY SPORTSMAN IS...

Sir:

As a reader of SI my Sportsman of the Year is a woman: Jill Kinmont, one of the country's best skiers and one who has inspired thousands of us with her brave and cheerful fight against total paralysis. She has will, spirit and fortitude. What more can we ask of our Sportsman?

G. A. ROSCOE

Boston

THIS INSPIRING LEADER

Sir:

There can only be one choice for SI's Sportsman of '56. The man who led the greatest baseball team of decades to a long-sought league victory and then climaxed this by the most thrilling world series in recent times. I refer, of course, to Walter Alston, the modest, capable, inspiring leader of the Brooklyn Dodgers. I think Alston can stand beside Roger Bannister.

DAVID HOWLAND

South Londonderry, Vt.

HOW I HEARD IT

Sirs:

Regarding Arthur W. Calver's letter (19TH HOUR, Nov. 14), the way I heard the story, the telegram really went like this: BRUISES HURT ERASED AFFORD ERECTED ANALYSIS HURT TOO INFECTIOUS EGGY.

AUDREY MAGEE

Trenton, N.J.

ONE FOR THE RACE

Sirs:

I was very impressed by Ylla's picture of an Indian village fair (SI, Nov. 14). They were a striking portrayal of North Indian villagers and their love of color and group entertainments. This is an aspect of Indian life which we Americans rarely hear about, being absorbed as we are with the idea that India is either a land of problems or of pagantry solely on the princely level. You have presented an outstanding example of another aspect of the lives of these hard-working farmers.

I thought you might be interested in the following sidelight on bullock-cart races. Last year, when in India, I visited a village in Bombay State (which is legally dry) and was told of an apparently common practice among the villagers in that area when they held such races. In order to enliven the proceedings, they will often prepare their bullocks in advance by doing them with potent amounts of homemade bootleg liquor. The results are considerable and the race is a good deal less dull than a 10-mph speed would lead us to expect.

Unfortunately, I never was able to find out how a bullock feels with a hangover.

DURONDA R. KOENIG

Miami

BETWEEN US BABOONS

Sirs:

Can you send me further information on the Colonel Ribman duck-calling photograph? You say (R & D, Nov. 21): "... a duck hunter in the craziest haboon in the world. If it costs \$85 to have a duck on his lap he'll spend it in a minute." My husband and I are such haboons and we want it.

MRS. ALBERT W. WALKER

Washington, D.C.

● Both records (\$2.50) and phonographs (\$84.50) may be obtained from the Roger Hilman Company, 3270 Lyon Street, San Francisco 23.—ED.

SUCH A SMALL COUNTRY

Sirs:

I have just had the pleasure of reading *Hungary Becomes a Great Power*—in *Track*, by David Mayer (SI, Nov. 21). I was happy to see that you have given some long-overdue recognition to Hungary as a power in the world of sports. It is certain that for such a small country (pop. 7 million) to amass such a phenomenal record both in the Olympics (third in '48 and '52) and other international sports competitions (soccer, swimming and now track) is a remarkable and highly praiseworthy achievement.

I was saddened, however, by the fact that SI and Mr. Mayer steadfastly insist upon drawing a line between the athletes of East and West. If the Soviet Union wishes to use sports as a battleground for political ideology, the United States need not stoop to do likewise. I am sure that

continued on next page

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B & P PUBLISHING CO.
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10th
HOLE

continued from page 49

Mr. Thores does not run in order to put a feather in the Soviet "bosom." It is also grossly unfair to identify the athletes of a country with the political forms of government they represent, in particular when they do so not of their own choosing.

ADALBERT K. HILFERTH

Notre Dame, Ind.

THE KINDEST THING

Sirs:

Oh, for heaven's sake put us poor dawg lovers out of our misery and show us a picture of Ludlovian Bruce of Greenfair! We all know what to wear at these field trials—we really go to see the dogs, not the people!

B. WAGONER

Ann Arbor, Mich.



CHAMPION SPRINGER

• Herewith International Field Trial Champion Ludlovian Bruce of Greenfair with Handler Larry MacQueen and Owner Joseph C. Quirk.—ED.

ADD MR. BURTON'S VEST

Sirs:

In your description of Ernest Burton's shooting clothes (Nov. 14th cover) you neglected to include the distinctive buttons on his pet point vest and Bedford cord jacket. These are made of spent shotgun shellheads, a vogue originated by Mr. Burton and quickly adopted by many clothes-conscious sportsmen across the country.

HARVEY H. SMITH

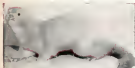
Peterborough, N.H.

THE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME AUERHACH

Sirs:

Your layout on upland game birds (SI, Oct. 10) prompted me to jot a few notes about one of the game birds you illustrated so graphically in a painting which shows him during his *Befrist*, or mating time. He is one of the rare trophy birds of the world, a prize which most European hunters insist should come to a hunter only once in a lifetime, if then. This, of course, is the capercaillie, or, in Germany, the *Auerhahn*.

The *Auerhahn*, a dramatically striking creature in his sheen of ebony, is sought only in the mating season, which lasts from roughly mid-April to mid-May. According to German hunting custom, he must be



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shot only while perched on an evergreen limb while in the midst of his peculiar chatter-biting mating call, sounded from before daylight until approximately 4:30 a.m., when he flies to the ground and searches ardently for a mate.

Without doubt, he is one of the wariest and most capricious birds to hunt. While in the exhalation process of the call, the Auerhake is totally deaf and blind, and during this brief second or two the hunter must make his stalk, one quick step at a time. The slightest, the least inadvertent movement at any other moment, and he disappears into the still, black morning. Only the beating of his powerful wings signals his vanishing.

Almost without exception, the bird is located beforehand by droppings at a tree base, and seldom does he leave the vicinity of this domicile for a different roosting place before the Baitzeit begins.

Your caperaille caption indicates that the bird has been unsuccessfully introduced into the States. It may interest you to know that no one has ever learned the secret of keeping one of these birds in captivity; frequent attempts to house them in zoos have inevitably resulted in the bird's death. Until the mating season, they are singular, virtually nomadic creatures which resist contact with civilization, or, for that matter, with their own kind.

During this past hunting year, I had the rare privilege of observing a magnificent Auerhake in his evening mating dance, when for 25 minutes he unknowingly performed for me only 30 yards away, as the dusk turned into night. Without doubt, this was one of the most enthralling experiences of my life, watching him in his weird replica of a Virginia reel, with only the music of a light wind shuffling the tops of pine trees.

ALBERT W. JOHNSON
Stuttgart, Germany

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Sirs:

In SI's Nov. 21 pro basketball column, I have discovered two cases of mistaken identity. The name under one picture is given as Maurice Stokes. Actually, the player shown is Jesse Arnelo, former Penn State great. Jess is now playing ball with the Harlem Globetrotters and doing very well for himself.

Secondly, the picture identified as Corky Devlin is really that of Elliot Karvel, now serving in the U.S. Army.

I enjoy reading your fine publication.

PETE SCHROEDER

University Park, Pa.

● **Correct.** The pictures were miscaptioned. For a look at the real players, see below.—ED.



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DR. JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE

Two mountains, one mountain range, one lake, a small glacier, an arch, a meteorological station and one golf club have been named after Dr. John Oliver La Gorce of Washington, D.C., who is shown here with his famed collection of weapons. He is 75 years old and recently he celebrated his 50th anniversary with the National Geographic Society

of which he is president. A lifelong fisherman of note, Dr. La Gorce once harpooned a 3,000-pound manta ray, and it is an unusual winter when he isn't bonefishing at Bimini. A pioneer auto racing driver in his salad days, he coaxed a 1903, chain-driven Thomas Flyer up to the then spanking speed of 70 mph to win a Baltimore road race.

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